

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.*  
By William Burchell Burchell, Esq.  
Vol. I. 4to. pp. 582. With an entirely new Map and numerous Engravings.  
London, 1822. Longman & Co.

WE have scarcely finished the review of one Journey into the interior of Southern Africa before we are called on to take up another, and, as far as science is concerned, more important work of the same kind. It is rather vexatious to have to preface our remarks with a confession that these volumes do not tend to throw much light upon each other; the difference of names, of geographical dicta, and other discrepancies, serve on the contrary rather to confuse us than to illustrate the subject. As Mr. Campbell, however, was principally occupied with spiritual concerns, and Mr. Burchell with philosophical inquiries, it may perhaps be safer to follow the more detailed accounts of the latter, especially as his previous qualifications for the successful pursuit of botanical and zoological studies, and his means for obtaining and preserving specimens in all the branches of natural history, were superior to those of the zealous Missionary. This will strike the reader forcibly when informed that Mr. Burchell actually brought home 63,000 objects of that description, including 80 species (from the number of 189 shot) of quadrupeds, 265 different kinds of birds, and an immense and most curious collection of plants. His Museum we have ourselves inspected, and can bear testimony to its extraordinary variety and interest, independent of the noble present which he made to the British Museum. It seemed to us that infinite industry must have been exerted to do so much even in a journey of 4500 miles, besides lateral excursions; for such the preface states was the extent of Mr. Burchell's peregrinations.

This gentleman arrived at the Cape in November 1810, with the resolution of penetrating through the inland regions, and, if possible, taking a direction which should bring him to one of the European settlements on the western coast within the southern tropic. In this design he was foiled; but the attempt has produced the matters contained in the book before us, (and, as we understand, a second, of the same size, to be hereafter published) which the author has given entirely in his own way, preferring the simple relation of his own adventures, discoveries, and feelings, to a more ornate picture drawn with extrinsic aid.

Previous to setting out on his chief journey, he made several trips into the

neighbourhood of Cape Town, in order to become familiar with the country and the natives. In one of these he gives the following particulars of the produce of Constantia wine:—

We arrived at Constantia about two o'clock, and having received a general invitation from Mr. Cloete, the proprietor, we intended to profit by it this day, and take a view of the vineyards and cellars; after which, to have resumed our ramble over the heath, and dine amongst the bushes. But our intention was partly frustrated; for, the slaves having carried to him the information of our arrival, he came out of the house, and in a friendly manner insisted on our entering, as he was just sitting down to dinner. We therefore took our seat, and although treated with marked hospitality, were more anxious soon to leave the table and pursue the objects of our excursion, than to indulge in the variety of excellent wines which were placed before us. For my part, I had not the gift of distinguishing the relative merits of all these sorts. The red Constantia, as it is called, was of a very agreeable taste; but all were excellent.

After this I was shown the cellar, a long building above ground, and shaded by trees. On each side, a range of large casks, with two of much larger dimensions, contains the valuable wine which has caused the name of this place to be so well known in Europe. We were next conducted to the vineyard, which, however, is managed in a manner not at all different from the other vineyards in the colony; the vines are pruned and kept in the form of dwarf bushes, much resembling currant bushes; and are planted in rows about six feet apart. At this time they still remained loaded with bunches of fine grapes, and the only peculiarity I could observe, was, that they were allowed to hang on the vine to ripen so long, that they had begun to shrivel, and the juice was become almost a syrup. Whatever may be the cause, or whether there be any cause really existing, it is said, and believed, that wine of the quality of Constantia wine cannot be made on any other spot in the colony; a most fortunate circumstance for the proprietor, whose affluence, and that of his family before him, have probably been derived from it. But this is not literally a monopoly; for the adjoining vineyard, called Little Constantia, produces wine scarcely inferior.

In the garden is a wild chesnut-tree, the trunk of which is fifteen inches in diameter, and thirty feet high below the branches, which is mentioned as a singular object, being the largest, perhaps the only tree within a great distance of Cape Town. A fact like this is a description of the general face of a country.

In June the preparations for departure were complete. They consisted principally in procuring a large wagon, oxen to draw

it, Hottentot drivers and huntsmen, provisions, including sheep and oxen, and stores of brandy, tobacco, beads, &c., to traffic with or conciliate the natives. The cost of the wagon was about 88*l*.—its length fifteen feet, and its breadth at bottom two feet nine inches. The framework of the tilt was made of bamboo cane, covered over with Hottentot mats, above which there was a painted canvas; and over all a covering of sail-cloth, having a flap to close up the ends, rendered the whole impervious to rain.

In this strange travelling machine chests were arranged, with all the luggage of an African tourist, clothing, arms, and ammunition, carpenters' tools, large quantities of stores, (among which dried pears were an essential article) and provisions; cooking utensils, bedding, water-casks, medicines, books, stationary, drawing and painting materials, spare packing-cases, &c. &c. till the whole resembled a modern ark performing its destined course on dry land instead of water. Ten oxen were usually in the team, but on exigent occasions the number was increased from a led team. Such was our traveller's equipage, till he purchased a second wagon to carry his specimens of natural history; and with his suite of Hottentots he set forth for Klaarwater, by way of Tulbagh. Previous to his departure a shock of earthquake was experienced at Cape Town, of which he gives a lively description:—

The weather, (he says) during the forenoon, had been warmer than usual; (the thermometer 75°) and the air was calm and perfectly tranquil. At this time I was in my room occupied in preparations for the journey: a part of the garrison, having been exercising on Green-Point, were returning to their barracks, when a sudden and violent explosion shook the whole house, with a noise as loud as that of a cannon fired close at the door. In three or four seconds after this, another report, still more violent and sharp, like the loudest clap of thunder, shook the building more forcibly than the first; and at the same moment I felt a strange and unusual motion. The atmosphere at that instant was agitated by a dreadful concussion.

The whole of this occurrence did not take up more than the time of five or six seconds; the day still continuing very fine and the sky perfectly cloudless. There remained a dead calm, and the air was suffused with a misty vapor, such as may often be seen in hot, damp weather. At the first explosion, it was naturally thought that one of the field-pieces, which were then passing by the house, had by some accident exploded; but the second being too violent for the effect of a cannon, I immediately supposed that one of the powder magazines had blown up; and

even imagined that the report might have been occasioned by two of my barrels of gunpowder, which I had received from the magazine the day before.

I hastened out of doors to ascertain what had happened; but when I came into the street, and beheld all the inhabitants rushing out of their houses in wild disorder and fright; some pale and trembling, running up and down, unconscious whether they were going; mothers distracted at not finding their children with them; and every one with terror depicted in his countenance, crowding into the open street; when I beheld this, I instantly guessed that an earthquake had happened, for no answer could be got from those to whom I addressed the question; fright prevented their hearing what was said. As soon as this conviction gains possession of the mind, our sensations, which, till then, may have been only those of surprise, assume a new and peculiar character. To those born in a country where these convulsions of nature happen frequently, such an occurrence as this may perhaps occasion little uneasiness; but to others who, for the first time in their lives, feel that the ground they walk upon is not immovable, an earthquake, with all the dangers which may possibly accompany it, is an event which cannot fail to excite considerable alarm. Every body stood for a while in dreadful expectation of the catastrophe. Nothing could be more distressing than to witness the terror of the women; some in tears, others trembling and speechless, and none seeming to know what they were about, or where they were. All had fled out of their houses with the utmost precipitation, without hats or bonnets, just as they happened to be dressed at the moment; and I believe that every individual inhabitant of Cape Town, men, women, and children, excepting those who from infirmity were unable to move, was, at that time, out in the street. There, all remained for at least an hour; and many for the whole day. As soon as the second explosion was over, the air immediately resumed its former tranquillity, nor was any other change perceptible, more than that of its becoming shortly afterwards a little cooler. Finding no further shock succeed, the inhabitants gradually recovered from their first alarm, and from the general confusion: the crowds slowly became thinner; yet still the greater number, afraid to trust themselves within their houses, brought out chairs, and remained sitting on the "stupe," or in the street, the rest of the day.

Without following the track of the caravan, we shall pass at once into the interior, and along the Karro deserts pick up the most interesting intelligence of the Journal. One fashion practised by the Hottentots, of making shoes from the raw hide of the ox, is of the simplest, if not the clumsiest kind.

----- It is, by applying to the foot a piece of fresh hide with the hairy side outwards, and of such a shape as will just wrap round and enclose it. All along the edge, excepting that part which turns up behind the heel, a number of small holes are made, to receive a narrow thong of leather, by which the hide is drawn tight round the foot, where it must remain till dried sufficiently to retain its form. It is a great objection to hide-shoes, that wet softens them so much, that, in that state, they can scarcely be kept

on the feet; and that they become extremely hard and stubborn in dry weather, when the soles are often rendered by use so slippery, as to put the wearer in continual danger of falling.

The remarkable protuberancy which obtained for a visitor of Europe, from South Africa, the appellation of *Venus*, is thus mentioned ex cathedra, (or perhaps ex esedda aut rheda, for we know not which term best befits Mr. Burchell's moving temple):

The Hottentot women belonging to our party had marched gaily on for a great part of the day, talking with each other nearly the whole way, and giving to Speelman's wife an account of their village of Klairwater. They were at last exceedingly fatigued, and were permitted to ride in the waggon after sunset. One of them, the missionary's cook, whose name was *Tryn*, or *Kairyn*, was very large and protuberant behind; a peculiarity of shape often to be found among Hottentot women, though seldom before they have reached the middle age of life. The ridiculous appearance she had when walking, often made me smile, at the same time that it attracted no particular notice from the rest of the party, to all of whom the frequency of its occurrence had rendered it indifferent.

Mr. B. adds—

----- I ought not to allow this occasion to pass by, without endeavouring to correct some erroneous notions, which the debates of both the learned, and the unlearned, have equally contributed to render current. It is not a fact, that the whole of the Hottentot race are thus formed; neither is there any particular tribe to which this *stettopyga*, as it may be called, is peculiar: nor is it more common to the Bushman (Bosjesman) tribe, than to other Hottentots. It will not greatly mislead, if our idea of its frequency be formed by comparing it with the corpulency of individuals among European nations. It is true, that the Hottentot race affords numerous examples of it; while, on the other hand, I do not recollect to have seen any very remarkable instance of it in the other African tribes which I visited in this journey.

Having discussed this weighty subject, we shall next describe the animal on which these Venuses are mounted:—

The oxen are generally broken in for riding, when they are not more than a year old. The first ceremony is that of piercing their nose to receive the bridle; for which purpose they are thrown on their back, and a slit is made through the *septum*, or cartilage between the nostrils, large enough to admit a finger. In this hole is thrust a strong stick stripped of its bark, and having at one end a forked branch, to prevent it passing through. To each end of it is fastened a thong of hide, of a length sufficient to reach round the neck and form the reins; and a sheep-skin, with the wool on, placed across the back, together with another folded up, and bound on with a *reim* long enough to pass several times round the body, constitutes the saddle. To this is sometimes added a pair of stirrups, consisting only of a thong with a loop at each end, slung across the saddle. Frequently the loops are distended by a piece of wood, to form an easier rest for the foot. While the animal's nose is still sore, it is mounted, and put in training; and, in a week or two, is generally rendered tolerably

obedient to its rider. The facility and adroitness with which Hottentots manage the ox, has often excited my admiration. It is made to walk, trot, or gallop, at the will of its master; and, being longer legged, and rather more lightly made, than the ox of England, travels with greater ease and expedition; walking three or four miles in the hour, trotting five, and galloping, on an emergency, seven or eight.

*The Wierd Wanderer of Jutland, a Tragedy; Julia Montalban, a Tale.* By the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert. 8vo. London, 1822. Murray.

It is one hundred and three weeks since we paid our respects to Mr. Herbert's *Hedin*, (*Literary Gazette*, No. 163.), and animadverted at some length upon his peculiarities and his powers.\* We pointed out the affectation of obsolete phraseology where honest modern words would have expressed the sense with much greater propriety and force; and we did justice to the poetical beauty of passages wherein the author had surrendered himself to his feelings, and forgot the quaintness of his adopted style. In the present volume, if we may hope that counsel so humble as ours could have wrought a change, we are pleased to observe far fewer instances of the fault which we ventured to reprehend; but we are sorry to add, also, fewer examples of highly wrought pathos and effect. There are, however, redeeming parts, and it shall be our office to exhibit the work, through their medium, for the ordeal of public opinion.

The Tragedy is founded on a Danish legend of the fourteenth century, which has been dramatized by the Danish poet Ingemann. A woman (called the *Wanderer*) abandoned by a powerful knight, *Sveno*, to whom she has borne a son, returns after the lapse of twenty years thirsting for revenge. The boy, *Ubal*, has been introduced by some means into the knight's family, and brought up with his daughter, *Agnes*; a mutual attachment subsists between them, and as *Ubal*'s valour has raised him to knighthood and estimation, their union is not an unlikely event. A tournament decides this point, and *Ubal*, by vanquishing the brave warrior *Reinald*, becomes entitled to the hand of *Agnes*; but the machinations of the *Wanderer* prevail—by claiming her son as base born, she sets *Sveno* against him, he steals with his love to a private marriage in a ruined chapel, the father pursues and is slain by his son's hand, after having mortally wounded his daughter; the *Wanderer* avows the facts and destroys herself, *Bertha* (the wife of *Sveno*) curses the Parricide, and he and *Reinald* devote themselves to the Holy Land. Thus ends the play. The ballad-legend carries the story farther into superstitious lore, for it adds, that while *Lady Bertha* was "sitting one evening alone, a loud knocking sounded on the door. It was *Reinald* with the remains of *Ubal*. He departed, and left a skeleton, which was buried, but the next day it was found standing by the church door. Three times it was buried, and as often returned again to the porch, where it remained in

\* We observe a poem since in the list, entitled "*Pia della Pietra*," but have not seen it.

spite of all endeavours to remove it, and at midnight its groans and footsteps were always heard in the chapel. A hundred years after, a lady, descended from Agnes, in consequence of a tradition, went at night into the church to pray for the repose of the dead body. The skeleton stood at the door and refused to let her go out alive, unless she could obtain his pardon from an old man with white hair and a pale female who stood beside them. She prayed incessantly till they relented, and as she passed out through the church door, the skeleton fell to the ground; and the next day it was buried for ever."

In his conduct of the plot, the author has endeavoured to soften the unnatural features of the *Wanderer's* monstrous revenge, by representing her as acting under the influence of a delusion, which shews her mother's spectre urging on the catastrophe; but this in our judgment is rather an injury than an improvement. In Ingemann, however horrible, the Sorceress was not without a prototype in nature, and the detestable mother of the unfortunate Savage might be instanced as an example of the extent to which the rancour of maternal hatred may be carried: but in Mr. Herbert's version, the intervention of the spectre is so formal and so artful, that it is impossible not to see that it is merely called in when wanted by the poet, and that too in an incoherent manner, not consonant to the cunning devices and rational skill with which all the schemes of the *Wanderer* are contrived. Indeed it makes this character an inexplicable compound of sanity and of madness: Her entry is thus described—the scene is a grove of trees, with a view of Sweno's castle, and the time, a fine evening after a storm.

The storm is hush'd; the turmoil'd elements slumber, [ments]  
And the fierce gale, which rock'd those battle-lull'd and motionless. Meek Nature now, Her fitful passion o'er, sleeps like an infant, A playful smile bedewing its moist lips  
As its eye sinks in stillness.—There is pleasure In the calm aspect of the firmament [wretch,  
E'en when the mind is phrensied. The gaunt Midst hideous shapes that haunt his fever'd couch, Blesses the day-breeze, and the soothing light That beams from the blue Heaven. How sweet the breath  
Of this mild evening! It steals over me [Nature, With thoughts that have been long foregone. O Parent of our best joys, how have I scared thee! Through what terrific mazes has the fiend Led my despairing steps! These aged trees Spread their green honours to the sun that gilds In beauty yet unlighted, as when first [them I trod their shade in youth: but vengeful thoughts Have prey'd upon my vitals; they have gnaw'd Like the foul worm in secret, till this form, Once ripe with loveliness, has grown a curse, A thing for wolves to bay, man's scorn and terror.

Starting with a look of derangement.  
Hark, hark! It is my mother's shriek! I hear it, I hear it now: the sob, the frantic laugh Of my dead parent! They say the devil laughs, When murder is doing. Mother! Mother! look up! Know'st thou not me, thine own, thy blighted child?

'Twas thus when she was dying; she knew me not, Her strange eye fixt upon the vacant air!  
Starting again.  
Hark to that shriek again!—Unquiet spirit,

Hush! hush!—Vengeance is dark and silent; slow, But certain as the shaft of destiny.  
Here, like death's messenger, I yield my being To the achievement of that fearful vision, Perpetual inmate of my burning thoughts, By day my agony, the bitter dream Of my distemper'd nights.

This extract will either disprove or confirm the proposition which introduced it; and without enforcing the argument, we proceed to quote the *Wanderer's* account of her past life:

Betray'd, out-cast, abandoned,  
Man's roof has not o'er-sheltered me; the blast, Not age, has blanch'd these elf-locks. I have known Dire want and loneliest savage wanderings. The fearfullest glens, the tangled precipice, Have been my lair; the demon of the tempest My comforter: to sights abhor'd of men And fellowship with every cavern's inmate Use has made me familiar; the gaunt wolf, The eagle, knows my coming and outgoing, And in compassion to man's outcast yields Share of his bloody banquet. Where I roam'd, The nightdew was my balm, the baleful clouds My canopy; and, by their sulphurous bolts illum'd, my rocky threshold gleam'd with splendor That did outline the emblazon'd halls of kings. Nor envied I men's palaces. - - -

We need hardly specify the inaccuracies of grammar and construction in this passage, which is one of the best in the play. To be correct and elegant, glens and precipice should have agreed in number; demon requires the verb in the singular, has instead of have, which is supposed from the preceding division of the sentence; familiar to sights and with caverns inmates, is bad; the wolf and eagle need a plural in know, but the conclusion being restricted to eagle, rendered knows necessary. Good composition must bear more minute scrutiny than this; but we only designate the defect, and will not dwell on its repetition. Sweno's picture of a son is in better taste:

I have no son. A son is to his father A mirror, in the which his aged eyes May read their image; ay, a magic mirror, Which doth give back himself, his form and likeness, Even in the pride and semblance of his youth!—

But we will quote Ubal's scene when he addresses Agnes in secret, as best exemplifying the author's style, though it begins inauspiciously, about the "lawn" of "shades."

Ubal.  
Once more, loved shades, I tread your fragrant lawn, Scene of my earliest joys! not, as before, Elate and joyous; but, like night's marauder, I steal unto the plunder of those joys Day will not yield me. I am ill used to deeds That shun the light; my firm nerve quakes and trembles, [assail me. Which never blench'd before. Strange thoughts With what a plain and level course till now My barque has steer'd through this world's stormy ocean, Breasting its turbulent wave as if in triumph! Now is my course obscured, and tempest-tost I roam amid the billows. In thee, Agnes, Life's only sunshine dwells: joy, fame, and glory, Are but the rays of one revolving circle, In which thy cherish'd form is fixt and center'd.— No voice.—The sounds of mirth hath ceased within, And no lights sit along those arched cagements.

Now to love's work! Be still, thou murky air, And shroud with thy soft veil the theft I purpose!  
Holding out the key and unlocking the door.

O thou quaint minister to daring love, Do thy kind secret office, and unlock This shrine of chastity!—Hush!—Agnes! Agnes! 'Tis Ubal's voice that steals upon thy slumber.

Agnes, (coming out fearfully.)  
What means my Ubal? At this hour! alone! How could'st thou break the privacy of my chamber? I dare not speak with thee.

Ubal.  
Nay, nay, Agnes, Time yields no season now for doubt or scruples, I would not trench, no not by one small atom, Upon that reverence my love should yield thee; But, while we speak, e'en now wing'd moments fly, To wrest thee from mine arms for ever, Agnes, I have not built my love upon the sand? Thy faith will not fall from me?

Agnes.  
Sooner, Ubal, This timid heart would brave the oppressor's sword, Than fall from thee; but steal not like a thief Upon the night; I dare not greet thee freely, My life, my lord.

Ubal.  
If Ubal is thy life, Thou must be his, and this night, lovely trembler. Agnes. O Ubal, thou art wild to say to-night. Ubal. I am not wild: and yet I am wild, Agnes To think that life's whole joy is on the cast Of this swift hour.

Agnes.  
This hour!  
Ubal.  
Thou dar'st not bide Till the morn break, and with insulting joy Reynald shall come to tear thee to the altar! Agnes. O never, Ubal! by our loves I swear Sooner to die, than wrong thee!

Ubal.  
Oaths are vain. Hands even now are plying, chaplets woven, To deck thee for to-morrow's sacrifice; Sweno has vow'd it. Agnes, thou art mine This night, or blood must stream upon thy bridal.

Agnes.  
Merciful heaven! what dost thou meditate? O Ubal, smite not in thy wrath!

Ubal.  
'Tis thou, Thy cold delay, which goads me to such phrensy. Say, dearest, thou wilt be my bride to-night. The priest awaits; thy Ubal kneels to thee.

Agnes.  
Ubal, thou wrong'st the chaster thoughts of duty, Which dare not yield what the weak heart would grant.

I must not hear thee; but the trembling soul Bleeds to say nay. I may not fly my father.

Ubal.  
Then bide, O false one, and be Reynald's victim!— And yet thou dar'st not wed him!—Agnes, Agnes, Thou couldst not yield this hand, thine Ubal's treasure,

And look upon the sun that lit thy treason. Agnes. Indeed I durst not.

Ubal.  
Agnes, this hand is pledged To me and to my fortunes; it was given In the fair prime and sunshine of our loves, Which must abide through every change of season, Not worn as summer garments, to be cast When ruder hours assail us. Here I hold it Before the face of heaven, and those pure orbs Which heard the pledge. I will not loose this hand Till at the altar vows assure thee mine, Though it were periculate to hold it, Agnes. Thy sire will come! Despair hath wrought me mad.

Kneeling, and clasping her hand passionately.  
Say thou wilt be my bride! Have mercy, Agnes! Blood will be spilt ere morn, if thou deniest me.

Agnes. O Ubal, I am riven by love and duty. Would that I durst!

Ubal.  
O yield thee to my faith! To say me nay, is to say nay for ever.



Agnes, to-night or never we must wed.

Agnes. O Ubaldo do not tempt me to a deed,  
Which shall embitter all our after-joys.  
Heaven will not smile on disobedient vows.  
My sire will curse us. Spare me, beloved Ubaldo!  
I have not strength to strive against thy wrath.

Ubaldo.  
The priest attends us, love. The solemn rites,  
That make thee mine, shall steep thy thoughts in  
Agnes. [peace.]

Dear Ubaldo, peace can never crown the guilty.  
I am too weak, too deeply pledged in love,  
To hold that proud demeanour, which I owe  
To my own name and to my noble father.  
But do not cosen me with empty hopes! [anxious;  
Guilt may have some brief pleasures, great though  
But peace dwells only in the path of duty.  
Make me not, Ubaldo, what thyself will scorn,  
An outcast child!

Ubaldo. Would Ubaldo cause thee sorrow?  
In infant years, when'er thy heart was sad,  
And I had been but one day absent, thou  
Wouldst rush into mine arms and there pour forth  
Thy gentle sorrows, and they straight would vanish.  
And wouldst thou place a bottomless gulph between us?

Thou wilt not tear thee from me? Night is waning,  
Come, best beloved!

Agnes, (yielding.) I am too weak.  
(Stopping again.) Hark, Ubaldo!

There is an angry whisper of the air,  
The shivering trees do rustle with each other.  
O tempt me not to ruin, loved, loved Ubaldo!  
Let me once see my sire, and press his knees  
With burning tears, that he may spare his child!

Ubaldo. Agnes, the word of knighthood duly given  
Is law to Sweno. There is now no hope  
Save in our instant union. Footsteps move  
Through yon dark corridor. Come friend or foe,  
Ubaldo will not resign thee but in death.  
Yield, love; despair and death are in delay.

Agnes. (She leans upon him with a burst of tears.)  
Ubaldo, I yield me; but my bosom shrinks  
With ominous terrors.

Ubaldo. Fear not! Come, dear bride.

The marriage scene, the curse of Bertha,  
and the catastrophe, are all of this quality,  
but our limits warn us to hold the above to  
be enough. The coincidences of the language  
with previous writers hardly amount to  
plagiarism, but they are more numerous  
than Mr. H. seems disposed to acknowledge  
in his appendix. "Forejoy'dst" and similar  
 quaint words appear too often, though,  
as we have stated, not so frequently as in  
the author's former works. The following  
lines may also be selected from their objectionable  
companions as bad verse:

Of that deep gulph, which it were death to plunge in.  
I pray ye, Sirs, on pain to lack our friendship.  
The curse of heaven will be soon fulfilled.

Each humour hath its hour,  
There is a blithe hour for the lip of love;  
The sparkling goblet, the bold clamor of battle,  
Have theirs: - - - [i.e. blithe hour.]

But we cannot prolong this critique; nor  
at present take up the tale which is founded  
on Julia de Roubigne.

*Promenade from Dieppe to the Mountains of  
Scotland.* By Charles Nodier. 12mo.  
pp. 211. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

ONE of our letters from Paris noticed  
M. Nodier's volume in such a way as induced  
us to read it, and had it been different

from what it is, we should have creamed  
it for the *Literary Gazette*. But Mons.  
Charles Nodier is an Enthusiast of the  
French school; and his views of things did  
not seem to us to place them in so new or  
so striking a light as to warrant the fulfilment  
of our, a priori, intention. His *Promenade*  
is nevertheless an amusing piece of work,  
and Mr. Blackwood has shown an apt spirit  
in publishing a translation of it.

English readers will stumble at the title,  
for we attach more of the idea of bodily  
action to "promenade" than our neighbours  
do, from whom we have borrowed the word.  
*Promener en bateau*, however, being allowed,  
as it must be, we agree to walk across the water  
with M. Nodier on his way from Dieppe to Loch Lomond.  
He is delighted with the coaches and road from  
Brighton, as every foreigner must be who enjoys  
this perfection of expedition and precision in travelling.  
In London he glances at Westminster, St. Paul's,  
the Tower, &c. and in the latter sees, what we never saw,  
a sight that "makes one's hair stand on end:  
the axe which cut off the head of Charles I."

Like all hasty, and especially hasty sentimental  
tourists, whose minds' eyes see a multitude  
of things not visible to corporeal eyes, Mr. N.  
has made some curious and novel discoveries  
in passing along. He has discovered that you  
must pay for admittance into the national museums  
in London, whereas, not a farthing can be disbursed  
in any shape by a visitor at the only one—the  
British. He has discovered that the Royal Academy  
"admits into its annual exhibition whatever is  
presented to it, without any competition, examination,  
or judgment;" how much grumbling, accusing,  
and abusing, would this, if true, save, and how  
much pleasanter would it make the no-secure  
office of Hangmen! He has discovered that Oxford  
"is a town entirely gothic"—heaven save the mark!  
and save also the other eight or ten orders of  
architecture which prevail there. He has discovered  
the old Castle of Douglas near Berwick-on-Tweed,  
which must consequently have been transported  
thither since our time from the Clyde, as Birmam  
Wood did come to Dunsinane. He has discovered,  
that if Edinburgh Castle falls (which it may do,  
though built on a rock,) it will bury Princes Street,  
"which extends along its base," in ruins: if our  
memory does not fail us much, it must first fill  
up the gaping chasm-bed of the Nor-loch, and we  
can speak from experience, having once rolled from  
the Earthen Mound into that abyss, if the Castle  
tumbles that way it will have the worst of it,  
and do no injury to Princes Street.

But we will not pursue the detail of these  
mistakes, for, with all, our Frenchman's little  
volume is an entertaining trifle for the breakfast  
parlour or drawing-room sofa. From London he  
scampers to Richmond, the most fascinating landscape  
of its kind in the world, to Oxford, to Edinburgh,  
to Glasgow, and finally loses himself among the  
Scotch mists of Loch Lomond. An extract from his  
remarks on the great manufacturing capital of Scotland,  
will illustrate

his manner, and, we promise ourselves, amuse  
the belles if not the barelegged lasses of Glasgow,  
of whom thus speaketh Monsieur Charles Nodier:—

The women of Glasgow have generally and  
judiciously kept the old Scotch cloak, which is  
exceedingly well appropriated to the rigorous  
climate of the country. This cloak, which is  
exceedingly like the Venetian domino, is pretty  
often of a dark woollen cloth of little show.  
The most elegant are of that pretty tartan stuff  
which was fancied for some time by the ladies of  
Paris. The most common are of a dazzling red,  
the effect of which, produced by an association of  
ideas not necessary to explain, appeared horrible  
to me above two bare legs. The women of the  
lower classes, almost all those of the middling,  
and a considerable number of those of the higher  
classes, go barefooted. Some have adopted shoes  
only. The fashionable ladies who have adopted  
the Parisian dress, have also borrowed the shape  
of their shoes, though in reality they are more  
like those of men; but this part of their accoutrements  
is what incommodes them the most, and is what  
they throw off with most pleasure when they are  
at liberty. A brilliant Scotch Belle has hardly  
exhausted the admiration of the *fashionables* in  
Glasgow, when she longs for solitude; and the first  
thought which occupies her in some byepath,  
some solitary garden, or in the mysterious  
obscurity of her chamber, is not, as with us,  
the recollection of the last man who looked at  
her with a sigh, or the last woman who eclipsed  
her toilet; it is the impatient want of taking off  
her shoes and stockings, and to run with bare  
feet on the carpet, the turf, or the sand of the  
high road. The sight of these bare feet is hardly  
ever disgusting, even among the people, nor is there  
any thing in it painful to sensibility, when we  
see them spreading out on the smooth flags of  
the broad foot-ways in Glasgow. Those that have  
shoes do not look near so well. The flat and broad  
form of the shoes, with buckles or strings, does  
not at all conceal the size of the foot, which no  
doubt is very conformable to the natural proportions,  
especially in a nation where nothing has impeded  
the freedom of motion for a long series of ages,  
but which is shocking to our eyes, accustomed to  
the forced exiguity of the feet of French women,  
which, in this respect, hold a kind of medium  
between the Scotch and the Chinese. The foot of  
the mountaineer, destined to press on narrow,  
slippery, steep spots, ought of course to be broad  
and strong. Feet which are small out of all  
proportion, are a beauty of the *boudoir*, which  
can only be appreciated by persons condemned by  
their infirmities, or reduced by their own choice,  
to see the world only through a window, and travel  
over it in a carriage.

The philosophical reasoning on the broad feet  
of the Scotch ladies is delicious; but we advise  
the author never to repeat his visit, as he threatens,  
for we are persuaded that some of the middling  
and higher classes will resent so fiercely his picture  
of their impatience of stockings, that they will  
certainly denude themselves of these inconvenient  
coverings, were it only to release their garters  
for the hanging of M. Nodier, without law or jury,  
like another Jock Porteus.



Our traveller indeed did not altogether escape punishment for poking his nose into other folks' concerns, as the following ludicrous winding up of a lamentation on the spectacle of a boxing match will show.

I walked (says he) sorrowfully homewards along the delicious banks of the Clyde, which I had just followed, absorbed in charming ideas on the happiness of nations, whose institutions and manners are still close to nature; but this scene of barbarians had strangely distracted me from my happy illusions. Half vexation on thinking of my disappointed theories, half compassion in reflecting on the destiny of man, I felt a tear moisten my eye-lids. I put my hand to my pocket and found they had stole my handkerchief.

This is a Wipe of the true bathos; but we must push into the highlands. The following notice is important at a period when an enterprising individual (Mr. Bullock) is endeavouring to introduce into this country, and naturalize a new and eminently useful animal.

The cold and naked heaths of Scotland, like those of other northern regions, are covered by the lichen of the rain-deer; but nature, which has been prodigal in this country of the food of the valuable servant of the Laplanders, has not placed there the animal which feeds upon it. No great quadruped animates by its presence the solitudes of Caledonia, unless it be some wandering deer, which must also be scarce.

We trust in a few years to see thousands of our docile Lapland friends bounding over these glorious hills. The highland girls seem to charm M. N. as much as any of our fair countrywomen, to all of whom he pays, however, the most polite and gallant compliments. He writes,

The young women of the mountains of Scotland are, in general, remarkably clean, when compared with our peasants. There is a charm in the arrangement of their hair, and an ease and grace in their manner of holding their head. Their short petticoat, commonly of a deep colour, shows off the whiteness of their legs, which are admirably shaped, though large and vigorous. They have the beauty of strength, but there is something which astonishes and hurts the imagination in their toilet, which recalls to mind too forcibly certain negligees, and certain graces infinitely less innocent. When I saw the Morlachian girls, I thought that, with their tinsel, their counters, and their shreds of all colours, they had a striking resemblance to the *figurantes* of a provincial opera, when behind the scenes. I dare not say what most of the young Caledonian women are like, and in truth they think little about it.

Enthusiastic admiration of Ossian, and a no less fervent feeling towards the great living Minstrel of the North, are conspicuous in M. Nodder's pages, and do credit to his heart and head. But of so brief a work we have said proportionally enough; and wishing the author joy of his safe return to Paris, we commend his characteristic lucubrations to the country of which his view for fifty days has furnished four times as many pages. The translation is generally neat; but we do not call seeing a play assisting at it, as at page 179: it is difficult however to avoid gallicisms in such productions.

#### WELBY'S AMERICA.

The narrative touching Mr. Birkbeck's Illinois delusions, with a promise of which we concluded our notice of Mr. Welby's work, is thus worded:

According to expectation, the way was not free from wood, bog, gully, and stump; but with the aid of day these obstacles were overcome without accident; and after having traversed several miles of woodland and prairie, covered with long grass and brushwood, and having lost our way once or twice, we at length crossed a narrow forest track, and rising an eminence entered upon the so-much talked-of Boulton House Prairie; just as the sun in full front of us was setting majestically, tinged with his golden rays what appeared to be a widely extended and beautiful park, belted in the distance with woodland over which the eye ranged afar. The ground was finely undulated, and here and there ornamented with interspersed clumps of the White Oak and other timber, in such forms that our picturesque planters of highest repute might fairly own themselves outdone. The effect was indeed striking, and we halted to enjoy it until the last rays of the beautiful luminary told the necessity of hurrying on to the settlement, in search of quarters for the night; indulging by the way sanguine hopes of an English supper and comfort as a matter of course at an English settlement. The road was good, yet the length of way made it nearly dark when we drove up to the log tavern; before the door and dispersed, stood several groups of people, who seemed so earnest in discourse that they scarcely heeded us; others, many of whom were noisy from the effects of a visit to the whiskey store, crowded round to look at us; and amidst the general confusion as we carried the luggage in (having first obtained a bed-room,) I was not a little apprehensive of losing some of it. However, we got all safely stored, and taking the horses off led them into a straw-yard full of others, for there was no stable-room to be had; and what was worse no water, not sufficient even to sprinkle over some Indian corn which we got for them. The landlord did all that lay in his power, but our own fare proved little better than that of our horses, which spoke volumes on the state of the settlement; some very rancid butter, a little sour bread, and some slices of lean fried beef, which it was vain to expect the teeth could penetrate, washed down by bad coffee sweetened with wild honey, formed our repast. We asked for eggs, milk, sugar, salt; the answer to all was, "We have none." The cows had strayed away for some days in search of water, of which the people could not obtain sufficient for their own ordinary drink; there being none for cattle, or to wash themselves or clothes. After making such a meal as we could, and having spread our own sheets, I laid down, armed at all points, that is, with gloves and stockings on, and a long rough flannel dressing gown, and thus defended slept pretty well.

In the morning a request was sent to Mr. Birkbeck for some water, understanding that he had a plentifully supplied well;—the answer sent back was, that he made it a general rule to refuse every one: a similar application to Mr. Flower however met with a different fate, and the horses were not only well supplied, but a pitcher of good water was sent for our breakfast. If the first was not

punished for his general refusal, the latter was rewarded for his grant, by finding on his grounds and not far from his house, two days after, a plentiful spring of clear water, which immediately broke out on the first spit of earth's being removed; this real treasure I saw flowing; the discovery of it appeared miraculous in the midst of so general a drought.

We now sallied out to take a view of the settlement, which is marked out not on prairie, but on woodland, only just partially cleared here and there where a house is built; so that there is yet but little appearance of a town. -----

We visited a wheelwright next; one of the many who had been induced by Mr. Birkbeck to emigrate soon after he himself left England:—The man's story is shortly this: he and his brother sailed for America; and were induced by Mr. B.'s "Notes" to leave the Eastern parts where good employment was offered to them, and to repair to the Prairies. On arriving, he found none of the cottages ready for the reception of emigrants, which his reading had led him to expect, nor any comforts whatever: he was hired however by Mr. B., and got a log hut erected; but for six months the food left for his subsistence was only some *reasty* bacon and Indian corn, with water a considerable part of the time completely muddy; while Mr. B., himself at Princetown and elsewhere, did not, as he might have done, send him any relief. On account of these hardships the man left him, set up for himself, and now has, he told me, plenty of work, but he seemed doubtful of the pay. These are the facts as related to me by others, and corroborated by the man:—If true, without some strong qualifying circumstances, I leave Mr. B. to settle with his conscience the bringing people out thus far, by his misrepresentations, to hopeless banishment; for return they cannot, though they would be glad so to do.

Our tavern-keeper, who was a very respectable farmer, left a good farm near Baldock in Hertfordshire, guided by Mr. Birkbeck's book, to find health, wealth, and freedom at Boulton-house Prairie: of the two first both himself and family were quickly getting rid, while they were absolutely working each day like horses without one comfort left.—"How came you," said I, "to leave so good a farm as you had in England?" His answer was "Mr. Birkbeck's book."—"You would be glad now to return?" added I. "Sir," said he, "we must not think that way; we have buried our property in getting here, and must here remain!" Such facts as these are worth a thousand flattering theories on the other side; and another may be here added,—perhaps a salutary caution to Mr. B. if this should be the first intimation—that the angry feelings of the poor people who had been entrapped by the deceptions colouring of his writings, flashed out in true English threats of tossing him in a blanket! I abstain from comment upon this, my business being to state facts. I forbear too from respect for a man of good natural abilities; misled himself by a sanguine temper which has been the cause of his misleading others: I will be silent too upon the subject of private differences, conceiving that public acts alone are those in which the public are interested, and ought to be inquisitive. -----

We did not fail to explore the retreat of

Mr. Morris Birkbeck, — a pleasant drive across the Prairie brought us to the Flat, at one extremity of which Mr. B. has established himself. We found him busy superintending the building of his house; the site of which is within twenty yards of his erection of logs, a square building divided into two rooms, as I heard, for we did not see the interior of this *sacrum sanctorum* from whence have been issued relations of so many snug cottages, with adjoining piggeries, cowsteads, gardens, and orchards; where the limbs of the poor emigrant were to find repose and his mind solace, not to mention the ranges of log rooms for the arch priest himself which were building two years ago; all — all have vanished "into thin air," except the humble primitive log building before mentioned. This serves the whole family, according to the cobbler's song,

"For parlour, for kitchen and hall;"

and furnishes a proof, though perhaps not sufficient for every one, (the world is so incredulous,) of Mr. Birkbeck's humility, for he certainly does not at present enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, whatever he may have in prospect. . . .

. . . . I took leave, after having in vain endeavoured to gain information as to his crop-crops, the success of clover, and other seeds.

This was strange, but not so particularly unaccountable as at the time I thought it; for, I afterwards learned he had not sown either one or the other, although he ventures to put forth this year in one of the American newspapers, what in charity we will suppose a day-dream — a pleasing mental deception, in the form of a letter in which he expresses himself thus: (I quote from memory, having mislaid the journal,) "We have now about as many acres of corn sown as there are settlers, that is seven hundred."

Now, from the best inquiries I could make, there was not then two hundred and fifty acres sown in the whole settlement, and on Mr. Birkbeck's ground not a rood! Therefore, it may be truly said, that the colony was still for its existence depending for bread upon the exertions of those who, from a distance of many miles, bought and brought corn and flour for the market. In corroboration, I will here insert an extract from a published journal by a Mr. Hulme, formerly a great bleacher near Manchester, and a friend of Mr. B., who had lately paid him a visit. Mr. H. writes, "The whole of his operations had been directed hitherto (and wisely in my opinion,) to building, fencing, and other important preparations. He had done nothing in the cultivating way but make a good garden, which supplies him with the only things that he cannot purchase, and purchase too with more economy than he could grow them."

This Mr. Hulme knew the comforts and cheapness of Philadelphia, and its market, too well to think of settling at Boulton-house Prairie; besides, he evidently sneers, as much as a friend can, at the choice of situation Mr. B. has made, because it appears not to possess any of the capabilities for falls, &c.; he adds, "I was rather disappointed, or sorry at any rate, not to find near Mr. Birkbeck's any of the means for machinery, such as water-falls, minerals, and mines; some of these however he may yet find."

Thus has Mr. B. chosen to build a house,

plant a garden, and dwell in a situation where he cannot grow corn so cheap as he can purchase it, and have it conveyed at a considerable expence from the settlement of Harmony, distant above twenty miles; in a situation too, which if it have any recommendation at all, it must be for the purposes of agriculture, for others it has none that are yet discovered. This may be to the taste, and it may suit the purse of Mr. B., and no one could fairly find fault with him for pleasing himself; but, when he steps beyond this line, and publishes plausible representations to induce others to seek fortune and independence in such situations, he is then doing that which he has no right to do, and has much to answer for: he has led people into this wilderness, where, for any thing he has done, they may in vain look around for the expected shelter; they will see only Mr. B.'s house and garden, and perhaps two or three log huts which at present constitute the whole of the new town of Wansborough; in short, he seems only to have thought of himself, and to have falsified his public promises. I believe it to be a fact that the colony could not have outlived the winter of 1818, but that the whole must have been dispersed or starved, had it not been for the exertions of Mr. Flower, who perceived in time the coming want, and at considerable trouble and expence obtained a sufficient and timely supply. Mr. Birkbeck, in his publication, inveighs strongly against land-jobbing; yet if I am correctly informed, he has obtained and is now gaining great profits by it, — he has entered as many as thirty thousand acres, which he now disposes of in lots as high, where he can, as four dollars per acre; it seems indeed to be his only business, to carry on which with better success he has given to others, it is said, an interest in the concern to find out and bring in purchasers of more money than judgment. One of these jackals, reported to be so employed, I met with on the road.

Having said thus much of an individual who has become noted for promissory books, and who therefore deserves to be noted for non-performance, let us turn to the contemplation of that which has been accomplished by those who did not promise any thing, but who have done much.

The author does justice to Mr. Flower, and seems to think that he has done as much as could be done with a bad bargain; — thus concluding his sketch of the "Western Paradise." . . .

The strange heterogeneous mixture of characters which are collected hither by the magic pen of Morris Birkbeck, is truly ludicrous. Among many others, a couple now attend to the store at Albion who lately lived in a dashing style in London, not far from Bond-street; the lady brought over her white satin shoes and gay dresses, rich carpets, and every thing but what in such a place she would require; yet I understand that they have accommodated themselves to their new situations, hand out the plums, sugar, whiskey, &c., with tolerable grace, and at least "do not seem to mind it." At Bon Pas we sat down to a wild turkey with a party among whom was an *Empuise*, so complete, that had it been the age of genies, I should have thought it had been pounced upon while lounging along Botten-row, whirled through the air, and for sport set down in this wilderness to astonish the natives: the whole has truly a most panto-

mimic effect, and Momois might keep his court at this anomalous scene, and laugh to his full content. . . .

. . . yet after all that can be said of this place it is at present a bad concern; from which it was with no small pleasure that I knew myself in a situation to get away; and many, — many expressed themselves to be of the same opinion, though with rueful faces, for they were obliged to stay, having spent their all to get there.

This plain story requires no comment to add force to its powerful dissuasion against adventure in these wilds; and all that we consider our needful duty is to recommend it earnestly to the attention of all whose fancies wander on the blessings of change of country, and especially on a trip to the fool's paradise (if not worse) of Morris Birkbeck.

Having so fully illustrated the most interesting object on which Mr. Welby's volume treats, we shall not accompany him to the German Settlement of Harmony, where every thing is in common, and existence only uncommonly dull. At Louisville, on his return, he learnt to his cost, that the paper he had taken a week before at Vincennes, was here at 25 per cent. discount;\* and at Philadelphia obtained the following additional proof of the inexpediency of speculating in the purchase of American land: —

. . . . In the country taxes are very little if at all paid, for the reason that the government either cannot or dare not levy them; hardly indeed, in some places, dare the owners claim the land itself from the *Squatters*. An instance of this lately occurred in a distant part of Pennsylvania: a proprietor having heard of several settlers upon his land without purchase or permission, mounted his horse and journeying to his allotment soon came up to a good log house; a *Squatter* was at his door, and the owner, by way of entering into conversation with him, observed that he had erected a comfortable dwelling there; to which the other assented. — "But, my friend, I am told that you and several more have built here without any title to the land, and the owner is coming to remove you." The man, who had his rifle in his hand, immediately pointing to a pig at a distance, took aim and shot it dead; then turning to the alarmed proprietor told him, that if the owner should ever come to disturb him, he would serve him as he had served that pig.

From the contemplation of a country so destitute of moral beauty as the author depicts it; so disgusting in its human external, and so low in the scale not merely of refinement, but of good principles, we are happy to withdraw; — and therefore leaving Mr. Welby's Philadelphian winter,

\* This depreciation will appear nothing when compared with the following. Towards the close of the struggle for independence, a Mr. S. . . . travelled westward in order to collect some out-standing debts; after receiving which in notes and on his road home, he actually paid within sixteen miles of Philadelphia, three hundred dollars for a breakfast, and even this bargain he would not have been able to make, he found on his return to that city! — The government have never been able to enter into any arrangements to redeem these notes.

and other matters, we congratulate him on his being once more safely landed amid the superior civilization, elegance, and virtue of Wapping!

The lithographic views are indifferently executed; but the work is altogether an amusing and valuable production.

*A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language, on a new plan.* By William Yates, Calcutta, 1820, Baptist Mission Press; and Messrs. Black, Parbury & Allan, Leadenhall-street. 8vo. pp. 427.

This work professes to be formed on a new plan: the whole is divided into four parts, Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. This, though a common and convenient division, observed by most European grammarians in their compilations, has not been extended sufficiently to the Asiatic languages till of late years; and it may be observed, that the progress of Indian literature among Europeans keeps pace with the cultivation of the principles of those languages of the East, and in proportion to the improvements daily gaining ground in the compilation of grammars, dictionaries, and other school books, formed on the modern plan. Mr. Yates has compiled his grammar with the same design; he has given it an arrangement altogether accommodating to the English and classical student. The more important rules are printed with a larger type, and the exceptions to general rules are represented in a smaller size: the method is judicious, and the typographical execution admirable. The author acknowledges his obligations to his predecessors, whose labours he presumes to have improved, simplified, arranged, and harmonised. He has studiously avoided the prolixity of former grammars, and their incumbrances, especially the numerous and uncertain rules of speculative etymology, adopting those only which have a practical utility, and which tend to facilitate the acquisition of this ancient and important language of the East; for such it is in the judgment of the most eminent scholars of British India, one of whom has pronounced the Sanscrit to be the parent language of twenty-eight or thirty dialects\* now used in the different provinces of India, having nearly nine-tenths of the words in common with each other, most of them the same pronouns, and all of them the same mode of construction. The languages which spring from the Sanscrit, Sungskrit or Sanskrit, form therefore a whole of themselves, and, taken together, constitute a philological family, which, for number and close resemblance to each other, can scarcely be paralleled. While those who speak these cognate languages, varied as they are by their different terminations, are almost unintelligible to each other; a few persons acquainted with Sungskrit and the leading cognate languages, familiar with Indian grammar, and the principles on which the permutation of letters are founded, may, with little difficulty, obtain that knowledge

of these languages, which, to those unacquainted therewith, might seem almost unattainable; and by a diligent improvement of native talent and knowledge, if the means for printing are furnished, compress into a few years what might seem otherwise the work of ages, and accelerate the general introduction of Christianity in India possibly by half a century.

This work, we have only to add, is of infinite value to young men who look towards India as the scene of their exertions for fame and fortune.

COLONEL STEWART'S *Sketches of the Character, &c. of the Scottish Highlanders.*

[Second Article.]

We have noticed the strain of lamentation in which the excellent author of this work speaks of the change which has taken place in the condition of the Highlanders. It is one of the objects of these Sketches to shew the mistaken policy of those landowners in that country who, by pursuing schemes to increase the rental of their estates, have almost exterminated the ancient tenantry, and have entirely broken those bonds of attachment and mutual dependence, which, by uniting the various classes of society, had exalted the character of this peculiar people. The violences by which this has been effected—the merciless rigour with which (in some of the most recent cases in the northern highland districts) the law has been enforced to drive the poor tenants from the homes which for centuries had been the homes of their fathers—a degree of rigour unheard of in any country, for it went to the actual demolition of houses—to the shedding of human blood, and the burning of human beings to death—are modes of ejecting tenants which, as they are unpractised in the southern parts of the kingdom, ought never to have been perpetrated under any circumstances. It is indeed most pitiable to read the details of such enormities as these, and we shrink from what is so revolting to humanity. Happily there are, we believe, only two landowners, and they are both absentees, who have proceeded to such extremities; and if not from the dictates of their own humanity, at least in deference to public feeling or to more accurate views of their own pecuniary interests, we trust there is no reason to apprehend any repetition of these legal outrages.

We shall not therefore enter upon that part of Col. Stewart's work which touches on so painful a subject, but rather devote our attention to those anecdotes by which his opinions are every where illustrated.

In the year 1795, a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been confined and threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence, that, when some men were confined in the guard-house, a great proportion of the regiment rushed out and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly measures were

taken to secure the ringleaders and bring them to punishment. But so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment. And here was shown a trait of character worthy of a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct and the consequent punishment, four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh Sands.

On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred, the more worthy of notice, as it shows a strong principle of honour and fidelity to his word and to his officer in a common Highland soldier.

One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be, but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but, with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled; and that if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would be sufficient; that he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and then march as a prisoner with the party. The soldier added, "You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the castle." This was a startling proposal to the officer, who was a judicious humane man, and knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application. However, his confidence was such that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before day-light, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen, apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow, as probably his account of his officer's indulgence would not have been credited. In consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through woods and over hills by an unfrequented route, there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly, indeed, but no soldier appeared; and unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the castle, and, as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow prisoners, all pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor.

In whatever light the conduct of the officer (my respectable friend Major Colin Campbell) may be considered, either by military men or others, in this memorable exemplification of the characteristic principle of his countrymen, fidelity to their word, it cannot but be wished that the soldier's magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of the whole. It was not from any additional guilt

\* Bible Society Report. xiv. pag. 31. Appen.



that the man who suffered was shot. It was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots. The fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.

It gratifies us very much to meet with the following characteristic anecdote of the late excellent Dr. Adam Fergusson, who was himself born on the skirts of the highlands. We did not expect to find him on the field of battle at Fontenoy.

At this period, the celebrated Dr. Adam Fergusson was chaplain to the Highland Regiment. When the regiment was taking its ground in the morning of the battle (Fontenoy), Sir Robert Munro perceived the Chaplain in the ranks, and, with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. Mr. Fergusson thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that on this occasion he had a duty which he was imperiously called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers (several of whom had been his school-fellows at Dunkeld,) his amiable and cheerful manners, checking with severity when necessary, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and being as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them. Such chaplains as Dr. Fergusson are rarely to be met with; but as many pious and exemplary clergymen may be procured, it is matter of regret that this office has been lately dispensed with.

The following story illustrates the nature of that intercourse which subsisted between the higher and lower ranks of the highlanders, and which strengthened the influence of the former, while it increased the respect and deference of the latter by the stability of the principle on which they felt themselves to be supported.

When many of the officers were natives of the mountains, they spoke in their own language to the men, who, in their turn, addressed the officers with that easy but respectful familiarity and confidence which subsisted between the highland people and their superiors. Another privilege of a highlander of the old school, was that of remonstrating and counselling when the case seemed to him to require it. In my time much of that which I have here described had disappeared. The men had acquired new habits from being in camps and barracks. However, many old soldiers still retained their original manners, exhibiting much freedom and ease in their communications with the officers. I joined the 42d regiment in 1789, a very young soldier. Colonel Graham, the commanding officer, gave me a steady old soldier, named William Fraser, as my servant—perhaps as my adviser and director. I know not that he had received any instructions on that point, but Colonel Graham himself could not have been more frequent and attentive in his remonstrances and cautions with regard to my conduct and duty, than my old soldier was, when he thought he had cause to disapprove. These admonitions

he always gave me in Gaelic, calling me by my christian name, with an allusion to the colour of my hair, which was fair, or *bana*, never prefixing *Mr.* or *Ensign*, except when he spoke in English. However contrary to the common rules, and however it might surprise those unaccustomed to the manners of the people, to hear a soldier or a servant calling his master simply by his name, my honest old monitor was one of the most respectful, as he was one of the most faithful, of servants.

We cannot but insert the following ludicrous instance of cowardice, which was once observed by the author, although it is inserted as a note, and does not relate to the character of the highlanders. It occurred during the action of the 13th of March 1801 in Egypt:

A strong instance of fear was at this time exhibited by a half-witted creature, one of those who, for the sake of filling up the ranks, although incapable of performing the best duties of a soldier, could not be discharged. When the regiment was again placed under cover, I returned, with a few men, to assist in carrying away the wounded. After this was done, I observed in a small hollow at a little distance, a soldier lying close on his face, with his legs and arms stretched out as if he had been glued to the ground. I turned his face upwards, and asked him if he was much hurt: he started up, but fell back again, seemingly without the power of his limbs, and trembling violently. However, I got him on his legs, and being anxious to get away, as the enemy's shot were flying about, I was walking off, when I perceived the surgeon's case of instruments, which had been somehow left in the hurry of the last movement. Sensible of its value, I took it up to carry it with me, when I perceived my countryman standing up, having by this time recovered the power of his limbs. I put the chest on his back, telling him it would shelter him from the shot. At this instant a twelve pound shot plunged in the sand by our side. My fellow soldier fell down one way and the box the other, and on my again endeavouring to get him on his legs, I found his limbs as powerless as if every joint had been dislocated. The veins of his wrist and forehead were greatly swollen; and he was incapable of speaking, and in a cold sweat. Seeing him in this plight, I left him to his fate; and taking the case on my back, I delivered it to my excellent friend the surgeon.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

(Extracts.)

B. The first consonant in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin Alphabets, and in all those that are derived from them. It seems as if M, though a liquid, should have claimed the right of precedence. The following argument will, I trust, make it clear to the reader, if I am allowed to take the subject *ab ovo*.

Of all animals, man is the only one that has not been gifted with a natural language—I explain:—The roaring of the lion, neighing of the horse, braying of the ass, barking of the dog, warbling of the bird, hissing of the serpent, croaking of the frog,

&c., are understood by every individual of their species in all parts of the world. The cricket of London would answer the call of the cricket of Paris, and the owl of the abbey ruins in Scotland might condescend in vernacular strains with the owl who mopes, and “to the moon complains,” on the remains of the colosseum at Rome. But man, thrown away by accident from the identical spot where he has been educated, is deaf and dumb to the rest of mankind.—Why this difference between him and the brute? Did nature frown on his birth, as romancers would say, and wantonly refuse him what she granted to the lowest individual in the creation? God forbid that we should insult the unerring wisdom of his providence. By way of compensation for the lack of some natural or innate faculties which other animals possess, such as the knowledge of making nests,—the distinguishing, at first sight, between good and bad food; and the native sounds which interpret their affections, passions, and wants all over the world to their respective tribes, without the help of grammars or dictionaries,—man is endowed with that exclusive prerogative called REASON. With it, man has received, as a natural consequence, the perfectibility of his original talents—an heavenly concession; a pledge of immortality, which the brute species were refused at the hands of their Creator—and therefore, although it cannot be denied that they sufficiently understand each other, yet man is the only creature that can boast of inexpressible comforts resulting from an extensively communicative language—a language which in all countries, though originally founded upon the data of nature, is made by art, rules, and convention; consecrated by practice, and learned through the rational faculty of imitation.

Although man was refused an innate language, a speech which he might use instinctively and untaught, yet the all-bountiful Creator has conformed the organs of articulation so providentially, that a child can emit, spontaneously, a few sounds sufficient to express its desires and its repugnances—its aversion and its love—its ailments and its

\* This admirable and original exposition of our learned and unknown friend, peculiarly recalls to our mind the subject of an *Universal Language*, susceptible of being speedily learnt and employed throughout the whole world in communicating the thoughts of man to man. A plan of this kind occupied much of our attention three years ago, and several papers upon it, under the title of *Pasigraphy*, appeared at pages 59, 210, 268, 299, &c. of our volume for 1818. We were then in hopes of calling the regards of the learned and the philosophical to the important investigation, but did not obtain all the attention we wished; probably from the too common impression on all points which we cannot clearly comprehend, that they are chimerical and impossible. Perhaps, now that our sheet is perused by so many more persons of the description we allude to, it may lead to a better result if we repeat, that upon the most patient investigation of this plan, emanating from a gifted and intelligent mind, it was satisfactorily proved to our apprehension to be practicable, simple, and efficient. Of course we only speak of experiments made before our eyes, without our knowing the key that explained them.—*Ed.*

wants; sounds indispensable for its infant welfare on the threshold of life. The first sound that a child, when pleased, pronounces in all countries, indiscriminately, is the interjection *A!* (broad) opening its little mouth, and breathing with a gentle intensity, it makes a sound, and the vowel *A* is heard. But, when frightened or displeased, the child raises its upper lip, wrinkles up its nostrils, and *A* (slender) *E* or *I* is sounded. If made happy, or agreeably surprised by getting at what he longs for, *O*, a much broader tone than *A* open, is distinctly uttered. And last of all the vowel *U* or *OU*, created by a sort of blowing off, as if blowing off the offensive object, is used to express strong dislike and abhorrence. This is the primitive origin of our alphabetical vowels.

Following the same unerring process, we now come to the consonants. As soon as the child is able to open and shut its mouth with a determinate intention of expressing its few and simple ideas, it begins to make use of its lips and tongue, to modify and articulate the interpretative sounds. When uttering *A*, the child shuts its mouth before the voice is ended or stopped, then the liquid *M* is articulated, and the first word is brought into existence, *AM*. Now we find that in the Hebrew tongue, the most ancient, according to our chronological knowledge of the world, the monosyllable *ON*, *Am*, means what the new-born infant holds most dear, its *mum*, its *mother*, and nurse. Hence, by the frequent repetition of *Am-am*, the word *mamma*, which has been adopted in nearly all languages to signify the breast, *mamma*, *mammula*, Lat. *mumelle*, Fr. &c. And the root of the verb *amo*, "to love," with its derivatives, seems to be found in the Hebraic monosyllable *Am*, that is to say, in the first word of endearment pronounced by the offspring of man.

Thus far all the attention, knowledge, and love of this little being, actuated by one only care, that of preserving its incipient life, are concentrated in the mother and her breast, which in the yet obscure perceptions of the infantine mind, are blended into one single object. The child knows nothing beyond its *mam* or *mamma*, rolls upon and nestles in her bosom as the source of its happiness; and the milkful globes, which it presses instinctively and alternately with its rosy and playful little hands, are its own universe. But when a few months have taught the babe to compare perceptions and objects, if the stronger and more majestic form of him from whom the child receives also attentions and caresses, and a sort of more solid food, appears before its fond and gladdened eyes, conceiving that this partaker of its love and gratitude (for that flower graces the cradle) possesses a marked superiority over its mother, the child makes a second effort with the organs of articulation as they are, and by gently snapping its vermil-lips, and quickly re-opening them, pronounces *ON*, *ab* (father), instead of *ON*, *am* (mother), and obtains a distinct and primitive name for both the authors of its life. From *abba*, *pater*, *father*, *padre*, *père*, *patron*, &c.

&c. draw their origin, by the transmutation of *B* into *P*, and the dropping of *A*. The milk was obtained for the babe by the gentle pressing of its mother's breast, but another sort of drink was brought by the father from a distant stream of water, and the child from *ab* made *bab*, *abb*, *abu*, *ap*, &c. as a call when thirsty, soon after or little before leaving the breast; which circumstance connects the verb *ON*, *ab*, with *new*, Gr. *bibere*, Lat. "boire," Fr. *bevere*, Italian, &c. to drink.—From what is mentioned above, a conclusion may fairly be drawn, namely, that *M* ought to have obtained the precedence before *B* in the alphabet, *g. c. d.* N.B. As it imports very little whether *B* ought to go before *M*, or *M* before *B*, the sensible reader will easily perceive that the author's aim and determined point was to show the originality of those consonants, so different from all the rest, as well as the nature of the vowels, according to the meaning of the infant when he utters them.

BACHELOR. *s.* [From *Bachelier*, French, *Baccalaureus*, Lat. adorned with bays or berries of laurel.] It was an ancient custom to place wreaths of laurel with the berries on the heads of those who had distinguished themselves in some particular branch of polite acquirements—hence our expression Poet Laureate. But *Bachelier*, or *Bachelor*, does not only designate a person who has taken the degree so called at Universities—it means also "an unmarried man." The origin of this misapplication of the word is that, at Universities, the students are forbidden to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them away from the necessary attention they ought to bestow exclusively on the objects of their pursuit. Hence the appellation crept into common language, and was generally adopted to signify a single man. Some etymologists entertain an idea that *Bachelier* originates from *Bas-chevalier*, a knight of the lowest order; and they ground their opinion upon the circumflex placed on the letter *a* as a *caret* for the letter *s* in *bas*—as *maître* for *maistre*, *prêtre* for *prestre*, &c. We must observe, that the circumflex is not exclusively a mark of absence for the letter *s*, and may have been placed here on account of *Bacca* having been contracted into *Bach*. But the curious circumstance of adding the word *Knight* to that of *Bachelor*, *Knight-Bachelor*, is a clear proof that *Bachelor* does not mean merely a *Knight* of the lowest order. *Bachelors* and *Knights* are distinctly mentioned in the following quotation in *Langue Romane*:

"Je vous dis que maint *Bachelor*,  
Maint *Chevalier*, mainte pucelle,  
Maint *Borjois*, mainte damoiseille  
Venoient liens a grand tas."

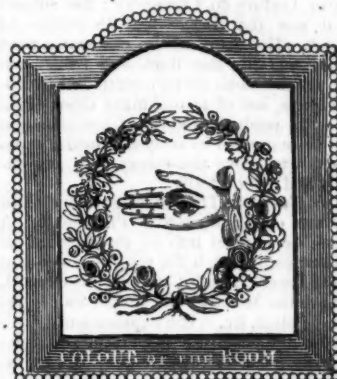
Le diét du Lyon.

I tell you that many a *Bachelor*, many a *Knight*, many a maid, many citizens, many damsels, came there in great crowds.

#### ANECDOTE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR JOSHUA one day sent for his Carver and Gilder, ordering him to fetch a particular picture, which he knew of: it was a

canvas Painting of a Wreath of Flowers by Baptist, in the centre of which was a *clara oscura* Painting of the Roman Father by Lely: the latter of which Sir Joshua ordered Marchi to paint out, and painted over it the hand of Michael Angelo, in the centre of which was also painted an eye, which Sir Joshua finished. This, I think, he called *Liberality* and *Discernment*. He did it for Lord Palmerstone: after which he ordered the Carver and Gilder to make a frame in the following manner:



To the surprise of this artizan, who heard it had been sent to Lord Palmerstone, he saw it, sometime after, restored to its old state with the Lely design, at Cummings' the picture-dealer, whom he asked how he came by that picture? "Why (said Cummings) what do you know of it? It came to me to have a Hand and Eye taken out, and the old *clara oscura* restored." Some one told Sir Joshua of this: the answer he made was, "Well, I gave him (Lord P.) the picture; he therefore had a right to do what he pleased with it." Lady Thomond, and Cummings the picture cleaner, Crown-street, Westminster, will corroborate this.—Query, what at length became of this picture? which was the very last on which Sir Joshua painted.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Jan. 26.—Tuesday last the Rev. Charles Taylor, M.A. of Baliol College, and Prebendary of Moreton Magna, in the Cathedral Church of Hereford, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. Richard Conington, Lincoln College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—D. Denne, Exeter College; T. Foulkes, Jesus College; W. Hamilton Burroughs, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE.—At a congregation on 23d Jan. the Rev. Henry Godfrey, B.D., President of Queen's College, was created Doctor in Divinity by royal mandate.—On the same day, the Rev. Thos. Burnet, of Christ College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity; and John Lewis Pedder, Esq. of Trinity Hall, Bachelor in Civil Law.

Sir William Browne's Gold Medals.—The subjects for the present year are—

Greek Ode . . . . . *Pyramides Egyptiacæ.*  
 Latin Ode . . . . . *Mors Napoleonis.*  
 Greek Epigram . . . . . *'Epō te θύρα, κ' οὐκ ἐπῶ.*  
 Latin Epigram . . . . . *— uuge seria ducunt*  
   *In mala.*

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is, *Antiochus Epiphanes*, (1 Macc. cap. 1, &c.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Saturday last, Mr. Brande gave his fourth Lecture on Chemistry; the subject of it was the Nature and Properties of Water. He explained the different modes of decomposing that fluid, and reducing it into its elemental parts, oxygen and hydrogen gases, and of recombining those again so as to produce water. His explanation was accompanied by several beautiful experiments, to prove the theory both analytically and synthetically.

On Tuesday, Dr. Roget gave his third Lecture on Comparative Physiology, in which he entered into an investigation of the means by which the progressive motion of the lower classes of animals was effected, such as the Medusæ, the simple and aggregated Polypi, &c. The explanations which the Doctor gave were most clear and satisfactory; but it is impossible to offer an intelligible account of his demonstrations without the diagrams and drawings with which he illustrated them.

Mr. Millington's last two Lectures have been upon Printing.

## NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AFRICA.

[Not to interfere with the narrative of our review of Mr. Campbell's journey, we have thrown together into the form of notes, such facts and observations connected with the Natural History of the parts through which he travelled, as appear to us most worthy of attention.]

A jackal amused us by his howling at a little distance. The field-mouse, upon which it sometimes preys, generally takes up its abode under a bush, and has a hole on each side leading to its residence. When pursued by the jackal it flies to its hiding-place. The jackal, aware of the manner in which the mouse burrows in the earth, strikes with his tail against the one hole to frighten the little animal, while he watches with open mouth the other to receive him on his exit. If this artifice does not succeed, he howls to call his fellows to his assistance.

It is reported, that in this part of the country, the male of certain kinds of birds alone builds the nest. When he has finished the work, it is examined by the female; should it not please her, she tears it to pieces, and her obedient mate builds another.

We visited the farm-house, where two tame ostriches were running about, although seven feet high. When a wolf is heard in the neighbourhood, all the dogs instantly run towards him, and the two ostriches generally join in the pursuit.

No serpent can withstand the power of

the oil of tobacco; one drop or two is followed with spasms and death.

The horse sickness, so fatal to that noble animal, and to the interest of the farmer, was prevailing much at a certain time. Mr. Baird pointed out a flat part of a mountain, only a few miles from Beaufort, about half-way from the summit, to which, if they send their horses when the disease is in the country, none of them will be affected. There is also a hill in the Griqua country, called Horse Mountain, which is resorted to in the same way, when the disease is in the land.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

THE grateful and superb testimonial of the Merchants and Bankers of the City of London, to the merits and achievements of the Duke of Wellington, which has just been presented to his Grace, was executed from designs by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A.; from which designs Mr. S. has recently completed an etching, now offered to the attention of the public.

There are few things on which the genius and talents of this artist could have been employed with more advantage, or with more credit to British art, than this grand national trophy, where his skill has embodied the principal triumphs of the Hero, from their commencement in India, to their suspension in the Peninsula, previous to the final overthrow of Waterloo.

The various actions and events of this glorious career are characterized by Mr. Stothard with the spirit and ardour which the subject was calculated to excite. Whether representing the resistless energy of British valour in the sanguinary exploits of Vittoria and Salamanca, or its milder features in the passage of the Douro and the entrance into Toulouse, he has been equally animated and successful.

The Print is about the same size as the shield itself, the diameter of which is three feet three inches. The centre is occupied by a groupe exhibiting the Duke of Wellington on horseback, laurelled by Victory, and surrounded by his Generals and other Officers. At his feet lies a figure, the fallen crown of which shows the overthrow of usurped power. Treachery and Destruction are allegorized by two other prostrate figures, the one with a mock dagger, the other with a glowing torch.

This composition is grand and striking; nor does the allegory at all interfere with the historic subject, although in the latter the modern costume is preserved throughout. The Hero is viewed in front, and the head of his charger forms the boss of the shield. The whole is sustained by a background of fluted rays, emanating from a centre, and terminated by a border of oak leaves, which forms the first circle.

Beyond this circle are the compartments, ten in number, divided and arranged in the following order:—

Victory at Assaye. Sept. 23, 1803.  
 The Battle of Vimiera. Aug. 21, 1808.  
 Passage of the Douro. 1809.

The Lines of Torres Vedras. March 6, 1811.  
 Badajoz assaulted and taken. April 5, 1812.  
 The Battle of Salamanca. June 22, 1812.  
 The Victory of Vittoria. June 21, 1813.  
 The Battle of the Pyrenees. 1814.  
 The Entrance into Toulouse. July 12, 1814.  
 Duketom of Wellington conferred.

These compartments are girt by an ornamental border, which constitutes the edge of the shield, and completes its form.

To those who are conversant with the works of Mr. Stothard, it is needless to eulogize the taste and intelligence displayed in this his latest performance, and we may say his chef-d'œuvre.

The circumstance of its being etched by the artist himself, must greatly increase its value in the estimation of all genuine amateurs, who well know how much of the spirit and intention of an original design is frequently lost in a laboured, and what is called a finished engraving. It is a work on which Mr. Stothard may securely rest his future fame; and we sincerely trust he may receive that immediate reward due to the enterprising spirit which prompted so arduous an undertaking.

If for the Hero of Waterloo it was reserved to win the most splendid wreath that ever encircled the brow of valour, so was it reserved for Mr. Stothard to impress upon posterity the esteem in which great and patriotic actions are held in this country, and afford a noble proof of his own skill in giving such actions "a local habitation and a name."\*

\* We had prepared this short paper for our Gazette whenever the presentation of the Shield should bring the subject under public notice. Will it be credited, that the event for which we thus looked, took place in so private, we had almost said so clandestine, a manner, that even the admirable Artist whose work we have just been describing, was not present on the occasion. They manage such things in a less tradesmanlike fashion in other countries; where grand national spectacles are made to produce grand national effects, and are not smuggled through back-shop scenery into private obscurity, dishonouring the Arts, and defeating every patriotic feeling. We know not who contrived this stolen march, or if it were a sacrifice to the modest simplicity of the illustrious Wellington; but sure we are that such a design, and executed in so superb a style as Messrs. Greens and Wards have finished this Shield and the two Columns which accompanied it, deserved, for the credit of all concerned in so splendid a monument of British Arts, to be given in the face of day and of congregated thousands. We purpose inserting a description of Messrs. Greens' exquisite workmanship in our next Number.

## COLLECTION OF P. J. MILES, ESQ.

THE Catalogue of the Pictures belonging to this gentleman, at Leigh Court, near Bristol, which Mr. Young has just presented to the public, is of a similar form with those of Sir John Leicester's and the Grosvenor Galleries, which have already appeared and been the subjects of our observations; so that we have now only to repeat, in general terms, what our former encomiums expressed;—that Mr. Young has ably extended the pleasure of viewing the splendid collection



visited by every lover of the Fine Arts, refreshing the memory with etchings, and placing lively ideas of the most superb paintings before our eyes, explained by a brief, but clear, descriptive text. He has thus added a variety to the library, where works of art appear too thinly scattered for the improved taste of the present time. From our view of this Catalogue, we perceive that Mr. Miles's Gallery presents a brilliant variety of pictures, including specimens of the best Masters, in the various schools of painting; and while this choice does honour to his taste, we are happy to see a portion of native talent finding a place in such good company.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

It is in your power to assist me in a case of great distress to my feelings. I believe you to be too kind and considerate, to refuse to do that for any body, and I *know* you are too polite and gallant to deny a request to one of the fair sex. How I *know* you so well will cease to be a matter of surprise to you, when I inform you that I sit from morning to night in one of those *secret* places with which London abounds, called pastry-cook shops, where most gentlemen frequently go and eat away five or ten minutes, and jest with *sweet* looks and *sweet* words the poor Girl who deals out the *sweet* things to them, and that you, Mr. Editor, sometimes make your appearance in mine for the above purposes. But to come to my purpose without loss of time. You must know, Mr. Editor, that amongst the gentlemen just described, there was *one* whose visits were very regular, and whose timid assiduities to me were so marked, that I really believe he meant something honourable; but, alas! Sir, accustomed to hear the same nonsense repeated, and to see the same soft faces put on every day by hundreds, I never dreamt that sincerity could exist in man, and therefore treated his professions as lightly as those of others: this he seems to have taken to heart, for he gradually became silent, looked pale, and at last disappeared, and I have not seen him for a considerable time. This, as it looks like disdain, I have taken to heart in my turn; and in the hopes of bringing him back, I took advantage of the freedom Valentine's Day allows, to avow my sentiments to him in the following lines. But a difficulty has arisen which I had not thought of: I neither know the gentleman's name nor his residence, and have been therefore puzzled how to put him in possession of my letter, until the thought struck me to apply to you, Sir, for as the gentleman is a literary character, I conclude you must be acquainted with him, and if so, you can deliver my Valentine to him; or if you do not know him, at any rate by inserting it in your Journal it is sure to meet his eyes. If you grant me this favour, I hope you will, in tenderness to my feelings, not delay putting your kindness into execution, and I will in return never suffer the Literary Gazette to be used to wrap up mutton-pies or tarts, as many other works are; if, on the contrary, you reject my prayer, inform me of it in your answers to correspondents, that I may use your pages accordingly.—In attending to either of these two requests, you will oblige, Sir,

Your humble Servant to command,

KITTY KNEADWELL.

P.S. You'll know the gentleman I mean by this token, as I have described him in the Valentine—he is middle-sized, middle-aged, and wears a wig and spectacles.

Do not laugh at my poetry on account of the many terms of my trade which are introduced

in it. Every one expresses his or her feelings most naturally in the language which is most familiar to him or her.

## VALENTINE FOR —

Unfeeling Swain,  
'That hast in twain  
My tender heart disjointed,  
Hear now the moans,  
The sighs and groans,  
Of a Lass disappointed.

When in my shop  
Offt you would pop  
To buy a *bun* or *cheesecake*,  
Why did your eyes  
Tell such sweet lies,  
And lead me into mistake?

Why in full *fig*  
With well curl'd wig,  
Ah, poor defenceless Maid!  
Were to my view,  
Instead of *two*,  
Four \* brilliant orbs display'd?

Against such odds,  
O say, ye Gods!  
Say Virtue, that arraignst me,  
If he persist  
Can I resist?  
'Tis two to one against me.

But sighs and tears,  
Bright hopes, and fears,  
Are felt and used in vain;  
Though hot as *pie*,  
'Tis all my eye,  
He cares not for my pain.

Though to his taste  
I mould my *poets*,  
My labours are unheeded,  
He scorns my woe,  
My *cake* is *dough*—  
O, were it still *un kneaded*!

Yet be not *tart*,  
Break not a *heart*  
Cut up like *vermicelli*,  
No longer sham,  
Be sweet as *jam*  
When I am soft as *jelly*.

'Tis not a *trifle*  
Such hopes can stifle,  
Be ours the crown of myrtle!  
Fond as a *dove*,  
I yield my love,  
O prove not you *mock turtle*!

What sudden flush,  
Modesty's blush,  
Inflames me whilst I write;  
It comes too late,  
I've seal'd my fate,  
And Cupid has me tight.

Without a *puff*,  
I've said enough  
To show you that I *pine*;  
I burn, I *bake*,  
Then pity take  
And be my Valentine.

London, 14th Feb. 1822.

\* Viz. two eyes and two spectacle glasses.

## EPIGRAM—All Poets Infidels.

Poets deny the aid of Faith, 'tis plain;  
This doctrine in their whole profession lurks;  
For, what do Poets hope, (tho' oft in vain)  
But to become immortal by their *works*?

RICHARD BELVOIR.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Some say, "To-morrow never comes,"  
A saying oft thought right;  
But if *To-morrow* never came,  
No end were to *to-night*.

The fact is this, time flies so fast,  
That ere we've time to say  
*To-morrow's* come—Presto! behold!  
*To-morrow* proves *To-day*. G. W.—D.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE AUCTION.

[Among the literary chit-chat in a late No. we mentioned the Essays to which a paper under the above title will belong, and stated that copies of *The Auction*, and of another (*The Park*) had been politely sent to us. We are ignorant who the author is, but if we were to guess from internal evidence, we should be inclined to assign both feminine elegance of mind and high rank in society to the writer.]

The Sketch relates to a sale of household effects in a fashionable square, a scene which exhibits human nature in a very unamiable point of view.

"Each person (says the Essayist) is eager in the pursuit of some article that pleases his fancy, and seems to think of self alone.

"The mansion that I was now in, had lately been the residence of a family of distinction, and bore evident marks of good taste.—The furniture was rich and elegant, and chosen with a view to use as well as ornament:—the pictures were the *chef d'œuvres* of the best masters; and a library of well-chosen books, with globes, fine maps, and all the apparatus for astronomical and geographical studies, marked the intellectual pursuits of the late possessors.

"The morning room of the female part of the family next excited my attention:—here were all the indications of female elegance and female usefulness—the neat book shelves, stored with the best authors; the writing table, with all its appendages; the drawing table, on which the easel and pencils still rested, and the harp and piano-forte, with the music books still open, all spoke the refined taste and avocations of the owners of this room, and how sudden had been the ruin that had expelled them from it.

"Some pictures, with their faces turned to the wall, were placed in a corner of the room, and curiosity induced me to examine them. I found them to be coloured drawings, admirably executed, and evidently portraits: on examining them more closely I discovered that some of the accompaniments were copies of parts of the furniture now before me: one of the drawings represented two very lovely girls performing on the harp and piano-forte, and never did I behold a sweeter personification of a duet, 'Both warbling of one song, both in one key; as if their hands, their smiles, voices, and minds had been incorporate.' Another represented a most animated, intelligent looking girl, reading to one who was drawing, and whose countenance, though pale and languid, was expressive of genius and sensibility. Here then, thought I, are the late actors in this domestic scene; and, as I

gazed on the sweet faces before me, my interest became excited to a painful degree. —Imagination pictured those delicate looking females driven from their home, stripped at once of all the elegancies of life, and sent to brave a world, the hardships of which they were now for the first time to learn. I saw them cling to each other in an agony of affection—I saw the last looks of parting sorrow which they cast on this scene of happy hours for ever gone by; and I saw the efforts they made to compose their tearful countenances, and to regain some portion of fortitude, while with hurried steps, as if afraid to trust themselves with another parting glance, they left the apartment. My heart bled at the picture which my fancy had painted, and I hastened into the room where the sale was going on, to lose the poignancy of my emotions. —Here every thing presented a contrast to the quiet scene that I had quitted. Noise, bustle, and confusion on every side:—here was a group of fashionables, male and female, whose bows of recognition, and smiles and whispers, betrayed that they were more occupied with each other than with the Auction. At another side was a set of elderly ladies, whose scrutinising glances, and airs of satisfied self-importance, were expressive of their conscious superiority. Next to these were some gentlemen, of a certain period in life, who had left their clubs to look in at the sale, and whose sapient looks and whispers declared them well accustomed to such scenes. The rest of the crowd was composed of brokers, and dealers in *bijouterie*, who evidently wished the fashionables away.

“Desirous of losing the painful impression left on my mind, I mingled with the crowd, and seeing a very beautiful fillagree box put up for sale, which I thought likely to attract the notice of the ladies, I sauntered round, and took a station close to a group of the youngest, who were chatting with some young men of fashion. The insipid countenances, starched neckcloths, and compressed waists of the latter bore evident symptoms of their belonging to the effeminate race which has, for the last few years, been known by the appellation of *Dandy* or *Exquisite*.

“The box, as I anticipated, soon attracted their attention, and, ‘O dear, how pretty!’ ‘How very elegant!’ ‘How monstrous charming!’ with innumerable other ejaculations of admiration, were all uttered with great animation, and at nearly the same moment, by the ladies; while their attending beaux, between a languid smile and a suppressed yawn, merely said ‘Do you think so?’ ‘Is it so very pretty?’ or, ‘Do you wish to bid for it?’ ‘O dear, no, I dare say it will go off horribly dear; and I have spent all my money at Jarman’s, where I bought the most exquisite piece of china that ever was seen. To be sure it was immensely dear, but it is such a love, that there was no resisting it: besides, I know Lady C— will die with envy at my getting it, and I do so love to make people envious.’ This good natured sentiment extorted a smile of languid admiration from

he beau, who rejoined, ‘If it gives you pleasure to excite envy, you must often enjoy that gratification, as all woman-kind must be ready to expire with envy whenever you appear.’—‘Oh! you flattering creature, you don’t really think so,’ was the lady’s reply.”

Some fine moral reflections are offered on the possible ruin to which an intimacy thus weakly commenced may lead; and the narrative proceeds—

“From these ruminations I was disturbed by the lisping accents of another party of fashionables, ‘Do you go to Lady D—’s ball to night?’ enquired a listless looking young man, of an affected sickly-looking young lady:—‘I’m not quite sure (was the answer) for Lady D—’s balls are, in general, so dull, that I don’t much fancy going to them; I am to look in at Mrs. C—’s, and the Marchioness of L—’s, and if they offer nothing very tempting, I may go to Lady D—’s. By the bye, *apropos*, of balls—what very pleasant ones we have been at in this house; poor Mrs. B— will give no more balls; for, I understand, they are quite ruined. Well, I declare, now that I think of it, I am very sorry; for there are so very few people that give pleasant balls.’ Here the conversation became general, each of the ladies, young and old, mingling their voices:—‘Well, I must say, I always thought how it would end,’ says one. ‘What a very conceited woman Mrs. B— was,’ cries another. ‘Yes, and what first people made about the beauty and accomplishments of the daughters,’ observes a third. ‘I (said a pale sickly looking girl) could never see any beauty in them; and I am sure they wore rouge and pearl powder.’ ‘They gave devilish good dinners though,’ (said one of the beaux) and I must do B— the justice to say, that he had one of the best cooks in London.’ ‘Yes, and he gave capital claret,’ rejoined another. ‘I thought his white hermitage better than his claret,’ said a third; while another exclaimed, ‘Well, give me his hock in preference to all his other wines, for that was *unique*.’ ‘I hope G— will buy B—’s wines; as he gives such good feeds: his is the only house in town where you may rely on finding a perfect *suprême de volaille*; or where you get *coûtelles des pigeons à la champagne*.’ ‘Oh!’ but (remarked the first speaker) G—’s cellar is not nearly so cool or well arranged as B—’s, and the wine may get injured.’ ‘There won’t be time enough for that, for G— can’t last long; he will be done up in a short time,’ was the reply. ‘I did hear some hint of that,’ said another. ‘It’s a fact, I assure you, I had it from his lawyer,’ said the first speaker. ‘Well, G— is a monstrous good fellow, and we must dine with him very often, that the wine mayn’t be spoiled before he is done up,’ said one of the *Exquisites*; which friendly intention they all expressed their willingness to carry into effect. ‘Have you any idea what is become of B—?’ interrogated one of the party. ‘I did hear something, that he was in the *Beuch*; or gone to France: but (yawning) I really for-

get all about it.’ ‘I intend to bid for his currie horses at Tattersall’s.’ ‘And I (said another) will buy his Vandyke picture.’ ‘What, do you like pictures?’ said a third. ‘O, no, I have not the least fancy for them; indeed I don’t know a Titian from a Vandyke: but one must have pictures, and I know that R—, who is a judge in things of that sort, wants to have this, and I am determined he sha’n’t,’ was the reply of the intended purchaser of one of the *chef d’œuvres* of Vandyke.

“A young man of the party, who had hitherto been silent, and in whose countenance good nature and silliness strove for mastery, remarked that ‘it was a pity that people who gave such good dinners were so soon ruined.’ ‘A pity!’ (replied another) no, no; give me a short campaign, and a brisk one: for let the dinners and wines be ever so good, one gets so tired of seeing always the same faces, and the same kind of dishes: for if a dinner-giving man holds out many seasons, he gives so often the same sort of dinners, and the same set of men, that it at last becomes as tiresome as dining at the mess of the Guards. Believe me, there is nothing like a fresh start; and no man, at least no dinner-giving man, should last more than two seasons, unless he would change his cook every month, to prevent a repetition of the same dishes, and keep a regular *roster* of his invitations, with a mark to each name, to prevent people from meeting at his house twice in a season.’ ‘Would it not be better to cut his acquaintances every month, instead of his cook, particularly if he once got a perfect artist? Who is it that would not give up all his acquaintances, rather than part with such a cook as *Monsieur Ude*?’ All the party agreed in this sentiment, but the silent young man observed, that ‘carrying it into practice might be attended with disagreeable consequences; for some men are so ridiculous, that if you take it into your head to cut them, they call you out, and nothing but a duel or an apology remains.’

“While this edifying conversation was going on, the elderly ladies were all haranguing on the follies, errors, and extravagancies of Mrs. B—; and the young ones were decrying the looks, accomplishments and manners of the Misses B—. Each article of ornament or *virtu* that was exhibited for sale elicited fresh sarcasms from the acquaintances of the unfortunate B— family, who appeared to exult in the misfortunes of those for whom they once professed a regard.”

Another set of loungers, elderly gentlemen, who enter into a disquisition on the pictures, &c. are next described, and the writer continues:

‘I exclaimed, ‘And this is an Auction! a scene so often the resort of the old and the young, the grave and the gay, where human beings go to triumph in the ruin and misery of their fellow creatures; and where those who have partaken of the hospitality of the once opulent owner of the mansion, now come to witness his downfall, regardless of his misfortunes, or else to exult in their own contrasted prosperity.’ Never were

mankind so low in my estimation; and I was hurrying from this scene of heartless selfishness, when I perceived two females engaged in conversation, whose looks were expressive of the sympathy which they felt in it.

"On approaching nearer, I heard the names of the Misses B— pronounced in accents so full of pity and affection, that I paused to listen to the conversation. One of the females, whose appearance bespoke her to belong to the upper class of society, observed, in reply to an enquiry of the other, that 'The B— family were all at her house, and perfectly reconciled to their misfortunes; that she hoped enough would remain, after paying the creditors, to enable the family to enjoy the comforts of life, in some retired country residence: that the Misses B— only regretted their change of fortune as dreading its effects on their parents, and as abridging their means of assisting their fellow creatures.' Here the emotions of the other female became uncontrollable, and while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she exclaimed, with a fervency that displayed the sincerity of her feelings, 'Oh! bless them, bless them; well I know their goodness; they found me out when oppressed by affliction and poverty; despair had nearly overwhelmed me, and I thought Pity and Benevolence had fled from the earth. They relieved my wants with a liberal hand; but Oh! what is of infinitely greater importance, they reconciled me to my fellow beings, and to my God. That I now live, and pursue a course of usefulness and industry, I owe entirely to their humanity; I shudder at reflecting on the fearful crisis to which poverty and despair had reduced me, when those amiable and excellent young ladies found me out. By their assistance I am now not only above want, but have a trifle to assist the unfortunate, and I came here to purchase some of the furniture of their own private apartments, which I know they valued from their childhood, in order to have it sent to their future habitation, as a trifling memorial of a gratitude that can end only with my life. But, alas! I am too late, for the auctioneer's clerk has told me that the furniture of their rooms, together with their clothes, books, and musical instruments, are all bought in by a friend; so that I am deprived of this opportunity of proving my gratitude. I have one more effort to make—they will want a domestic, and no where can they find a more attached one than myself. The life which they have preserved shall be devoted to their service.'

"The expression of the speaker's countenance became radiant with gratitude and benevolence, and the soul-beaming smile of approval with which the other regarded her, as by a gentle pressure of the hand she marked her heart-felt sympathy, made its way to mine.

"I longed to press both within my own; but this the usages of society forbade.

"I enquired of a bystander the name of the lady, and on referring to the auctioneer, he disclosed to me in confidence, that she was the purchaser of the furniture, books,

clothes, &c. &c. &c. of the Misses B—, and had given directions to have them all sent to a residence which she has presented to them.

"My feelings glowed with delight at finding two such instances of benevolence; and I exclaimed with warmth, 'Thank heaven all goodness has not vanished from the earth! The virtues of those two amiable women have reconciled me to my species; and I find that even the selfish vortex of an Auction cannot ingulf true virtue.'

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—A soi-disant Comic Opera, called the *Veteran*, or *The Farmer's Sons*, has been acted at Drury Lane during the week; and the fact speaks as loudly the degraded state of the Stage as any circumstance within our knowledge. The piece itself is below contempt, and yet we observe it mentioned in the Newspapers with puffs without end, even down to the lowliness of Madame Vestris's courtesy at the tail of a song. This system, we presume, attracts the few persons to the play-house who do go to see the *Veteran*; and when there, while gaping with fatigue and wearisomeness, they will find the same means in operation, and be astonished with the most unaccountable plaudits and encores that ever rewarded stupidity and nonsense upon any stage. What plot there is, is ridiculous: the characters are of the most common-place mediocrity; the dialogue destitute of merit, the poetry wretched, and the music, like the whole thing, a mere cento of old trite scraps compounded together with the veriest play-wright clumsiness that could be employed in getting up a tiresome Opera. It is not agreeable to us to speak thus decidedly of any production, but we are sure that the disappointments which the public meet when seduced by misrepresentations to witness such performances, tend more to injure plays of real desert and keep the theatres thin, than all other causes combined, not even excluding the general feebleness and showmanship of our drama. The boy in the fable cried "*Wolf*" so often that no one would believe him when the wolf did come, and he perished; the Bills and Newspapers have proclaimed "*Excellence*" so often when only trash was to be seen, that people discredit them when they, by happy accident, can vouch for it with truth; the consequence is indiscriminate abstinence from dramatic entertainments, and the theatres perish. The *Veteran* is, as we have said, a paltry composition, of poor materials and inferior joinership. An old General (Van, Munden) has two daughters, a sentimentalist (Rosa, Miss Forde) and a coquette (Bell, Vestris.) The former is attached to a Captain (George, Harley,) who has risen from the ranks; and the latter to nobody, who has risen no where. The General goes about doing charities, attended by a double, either a Major or a Sergeant-Major (O'Rory O'Whack, Fitzwilliam) who has saved his life; and, among others, relieves one Farmer Franklin (Powell,) who has a very filial son (Jonas, Knight.) Jonas, in his

sphere, has a sweetheart (Patty, Povey.) There are also a hard landlord and a recruiting party, the first to seize old Franklin for arrears of rent, and the last to give Jonas 20 guineas bounty that he may pay off the bailiffs. This is the whole of the natural plot, but ingenuity itself could not make above two acts of it; and for a third, another plot, which may be termed the unnatural, has been superadded. This consists in a scheme of Miss Rosa's to punish her sister for disapproving of her love. When the Captain comes therefore all raptures to claim her hand, she all raptures too, instead of flying to meet him, sends Mr. O'Whack to school him in the trick which he is ordered to practise. He accordingly assumes the disguise of a consummate puppy, a dandy caricature, as the most likely to induce a sensible girl to form an attachment to him; and in this jackanapes masquerade, which could only inspire derision, contrives at first sight to win the affections of Bell. Some silly equivocal ensues, the purpose of which is simply to give Harley occasion to change his clothes and act three or four unnecessary scenes, their parts in which exhibit both sisters as more deserving of the whipping-post than of the usual eclat of operatic heroines. Captain George is the son of Franklin and—finale. Throughout the whole, the purest equality subsists among the dramatic personae; never saw we such familiarity, such shakings of hands—Generals with Recruits,—Clowns with Generals' daughters,—Major or Sergeant-Major (we could not gather from the character which) alternately with General, recruiting Sergeant, young lady, and bashful beggar-boy. The actors did what they could. Miss Forde made a musical debut with certain powers of voice, but ill-managed, and accompanied by a very ungainly motion of the head, which looks as if her bravuras were set to the tune of "They're a' noddin." She was much applauded, however, and with cultivation may merit by her talent what was given to her inexperience. The other parts suffered in nothing from their representatives. The most worn-out claps of loyalty, friendship, innocent love, virtuous poverty, patriotism, military glory, &c. &c. with which the piece is stuffed, were delivered with an emphasis as stout as if they had been the finest original sentiments ever uttered. Miss Povey sung a ballad sweetly, and Harley a humorous song, with imitations of parliamentary oratory, in his best fashion. Madame Vestris also sung, but her style is not the bravura; in simple airs she is very pleasing. Knight, who we hear is the mechanist of this opera, is apt to render his rustics too insignificant. Such Jerry Blossoms, defrauded of all the dignity of nature in a humble state, and made shuffling, sheepfaced, sniggering, silly oafs, are unworthy of the consideration of either man or woman, and we never can trace the slightest excuse for their inspiring any feeling except ridicule and contempt—yet in this play Jonas is to be the admired of all, as in the afterpiece of "*Love in Humble Life*," he (while equally dolish) is to be the beloved of an acute girl. Mr. Knight's



mode of acting takes away every shadow of probability from such affections; but as he has abilities, we hope he will try to afford us, when circumstances require it, a higher standard of simple life, where simplicity is not always idiotical. We subjoin one of the songs as a sample of the versification, confessing that we cannot divine its meaning, if it has any; and with this we bid adieu, and "for ever," to the *Veteran*, whose nights on the boards will never entitle him to that appellation of age, since all the puffing in the world cannot make him last long.

Adieu! adieu! but not for ever;  
For thus to meet,  
And thus to part,  
With every impulse of the heart,  
Would only prove  
The passion love,  
And impulse doom'd to sever,  
Adieu! adieu! I bid adieu;  
Adieu! but not for ever.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Oratorios.* On Friday week an Oratorio, written on, and called *The Deluge*, was produced at this house;—with many parts honourable to the composer's skill, it may be sufficient to state, as far as regards its success, that it was not repeated on Wednesday. It certainly did not give satisfaction, and we entirely concur in the public verdict against it. Music has no means of expressing what Mr. Bochs here attempted: the very imagination shrinks at the idea of the rushing of mighty waters; and can that be adequately told by a few fiddles which the soul of man can only contemplate in imperfect visions? We are not inclined however to disapprove of the effort: masters of every science think that which they profess capable of doing infinitely more than it has powers to accomplish, and this natural feeling, we dare say, led to Mr. Bochs's mistake. His subject is too sublime for instrumental description: probably even for language, but we shall see when Lord Byron or Barry Cornwall send forth their poems upon it. Moses in Egypt was repeated on Wednesday, with a fine miscellaneous act, to a very crowded house.

EIDOURANION.—Mr. Walker's exhibition under this title, at the Haymarket theatre, on the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, continues to attract respectable audiences. The science of Astronomy above all others (we bar the pun) is benefited by actual representations of its mighty organs, in a way comprehensible to the eye and mind, in which great and immeasurably distant objects are brought within the compass of a concentrated view, and explained to the spectators. We are therefore always friendly to such lectures as these on the Orrery, which are admirably adapted to instruct the young and improve the old.

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.—Mr. Bartley's lectures on the same days at the Lyceum, Strand, are worthy of the same praise. His machinery is of a very fine kind for illustrating the study of the Universe: on the first night, however, the harmony of the spheres was not manifest. We doubt not

that the motions have since been regulated, and that the whole is as beautiful and impressive as it was last season.

#### VARIETIES.

##### BYRON ANACHRONISMS.

SIR,—In Lord Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, p. 33, we have

My eloquent Indian! thou speakest music,  
The very chorus of the tragic song  
I have heard thee talk of as the favorite pastime  
Of thy far father land.

Now, Sir, *Sardanapalus*, in whose mouth this is put, died in the year 820 before Christ, and his friend *Myrrha*, therefore, could hardly have talked much of the chorus of the tragic song of Greece, for this plain reason, that *Thespis*, the inventor of tragedy, did not flourish until the year 587 B.C.—nearly three centuries after.

Again, p. 83, *Sardanapalus* asks the same lady—

Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order?  
Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou knowest,  
Who in thy country threw . . .

As far as chronology is concerned, he might as well have asked her to "Sing him a Song of Sixpence," for *Sappho* lived about 600 B.C.; so that *Myrrha* must have had not only the gift of song, but prophecy, if she chanted the lays of her who made her appearance more than two centuries after the fair *Ionian's* death.

I could, if I pleased, point out many more anachronisms, but I suppose if I did, his Lordship would dub me one of the lower orders of Grub-street; or perhaps he would adduce the authority of *Shakespeare*, (if indeed he would deign to shelter himself under that "irregular predecessor" of his) who we know has introduced cannon into *Hamlet*, and committed many other similar irregularities. But I may answer, that a writer for the stage, and a writer for the closet, must be tried by canons much more severe on the latter than the former—that in *Shakespeare*, who painted real men and women, without regarding petty antiquarian details, such little deviations of costume are regarded but as trifling; while in an author like Lord B. we look for perfect exactness in these minor matters: and finally, (shall I say it?) because, after all, his Lordship, though he hints it very plainly, is not yet exactly a *Shakespeare*.—I am Sir,

Your's most sincerely,

One of the higher Orders of St. Giles's.  
Jan. 31, 1822.

The Anniversary Dinner of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund took place on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern: the Duke of York was in the chair, and the company numerous. For numerous assemblages, those connected with the Theatres are about the most agreeable that can be arranged. The stewards are not above being kindly attentive to their guests, the talents mustered for music and oratory are of a high order, and convivial enjoyments are profusely offered to the lovers of good things. On this occasion, upwards of 1200*l.* were collected towards the funds of the excellent Charity.

A few mornings since, the Laplanders and one of their rein deer took an early ramble through the streets, and in their perigrinations strolled to the top of the Monument; where they were amused with the view so long, that it was found necessary to call a coach, and the whole party (bipeds and quadrupeds) drove off for the Egyptian Hall!!

A young gentleman who had invited a morose old Bachelor to his wedding, was rallied by a friend on the impropriety of asking such a person, who, he observed, would be quite out of place. "Nay," said the other, "he will be as much in place as the epithalamium, if we have one."—"How so?" was asked at once. "Why, you know," replied the bridegroom, "it is a *verse to matrimony*, and so is he.

We see a Novel advertised from the fertile press of Mr. A. R. Newman, in the following manner:—"The Wizard Priest and the Witch. By Quintin Poynt, Esq. A name to all succeeding ages curst.—Dryden." This is a sad prospect for poor Poynt!

The forthcoming publication by the author of *The Mystery*, and of *Calthorpe*, is entitled the *Lollards*. It is a tale founded on, or rather fashioned out of, the persecutions which marked the opening of the fifteenth century, when the subjects of this country, who presumed to read the Bible in their vernacular tongue, were liable to be hanged as traitors to the king, and burned as heretics to God. It is stated to us, that it will furnish some local curiosities, describing, from authentic sources, London as it then was, with sketches of the manners, customs, and mode of living of its inhabitants; and that a minute description of the pageant on the return of Henry the Fifth after the battle of Agincourt, a singular penance performed at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and authentic pictures of old English fare, amusements and prices, with a detailed representation of the splendid spectacle near Melun, where king Henry First met his future consort, are among its contents.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

FEBRUARY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 14.	from 40 to 48	30.05 to 30.07
Friday 15.	from 30 to 52	30.04 to 30.07
Saturday 16.	from 32 to 47	30.26 to 30.30
Sunday 17.	from 42 to 53	30.34 to 30.37
Monday 18.	from 37 to 53	30.34 to 30.32
Tuesday 19.	from 35 to 52	30.35 to 30.30
Wednesday 20.	from 32 to 47	30.02 to 29.84
Thursday 21.	from 32 to 45	30.23 to 30.40
Friday 22.	from 26 to 47	30.37 to 30.22
Saturday 23.	from 30 to 48	30.20 to 30.27
Sunday 24.	from 33 to 50	30.16 to 30.14
Monday 25.	from 30 to 50	30.17 to 30.21
Tuesday 26.	from 40 to 52	30.09 to 30.05
Wednesday 27.	from 34 to 46	30.42 to 30.63

Rain fallen during last week, 125 of an inch.

This day, March 2, at 6<sup>h</sup> 37' 10" (clock time) the 2d Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W.'s lines are not of general interest, however deep the feeling of his peculiar loss.

B. must as yet excuse us. There is certainly nothing in his lines which could justify the advice of judicious friends.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening. (By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

#### LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Members of this Society, for the Election of its Officers, Council, and Committees, will be held at No. 4, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, on Wednesday the 13th inst. and the Chair will be taken, for the transaction of Business, precisely at Three o'clock.

Charles Symonds, D.D. } Registrars.  
James Anderson, LL.D. }  
John Bowyer Nichols, F.S.A. }

The Anniversary Dinner of the Society will be at the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday the 24 of May.

Five Arts.—Mr. YOUNG, Engraver to His Majesty, begs leave to announce the publication of his

CATALOGUE of the Splendid Collection of PICTURES at Leigh Court, near Bristol, the property of Philip John Miles, Esq. M.P. containing an ETCHING of every Picture, with Historical and Biographical Notices. This celebrated Collection consists of 18 Pictures, many of them the finest Specimens of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish Schools.

The price of quarto copies is 2l. 2s. each; folio ditto of which a very limited number is printed, with the Etchings on India paper, 3l. 3s. each.

Sold by the Author, 65, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; R. Jennings, Poultry; Messrs. Nicol, Pall Mall; Molteno, Pall Mall; Carpenter, Bond-street; Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-street; Ackermann, Strand; Norton, Bristol; and by Colnaghi & Co. Cockspur-street, London.

Copies of the Grosvenor and Leicester Catalogues may be had as above.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 2 vols. Crown 8vo. embellished with 5 Portraits, and numerous Woodcuts.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LOUIS DE CAMERON. By JOHN ADAMSON, F.S.A. London, Edinburgh, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at London.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown.  
A few Copies have been taken off on large paper, with proof impressions of the Plates.

In 12mo. price 7s. 6d. bound.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY; containing an accurate and compendious Description of the general Phenomena of the Heavens, of the Heavenly Bodies, &c. To which is prefixed, An Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Astronomy, from the earliest period to the present day. By A. PICTOQUE, Author of "Elements of Universal Geography," "Sketch of Modern History," &c.

Perspicuity and conciseness equally distinguish M. Picot's Elements of Astronomy, and the Science is treated throughout in a manner suited to the sublimity of the subject. He has divided the work into Four Parts: the First, containing the Arithmetical, Geometrical, and Trigonometrical Definitions and Principles necessary to enable the Student to understand the Science; the Second and Third, General Observations on the Phenomena of the Heavens, and the Laws of the Planetary Motions; and the Fourth, Atmospheric Observations, Eclipses, Meteors, &c. To which is prefixed, an interesting History of Astronomy.

Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave-Maria-lane; and Lackington & Co. Finsbury-square.

Also, by the same Author,  
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